A

True Widow.

A

COMEDY,

Acted by the *DUKE's* Servants.

Written by

THO. SHADWELL.

Odi profanum Vulgus & arceo.

LONDON,
Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the *Ship* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1679.

To

Sir Charles Sedley.

Sir,

THIS Play, which I here recommend to your Protection, either through the Calamity of the Time, which made People not care for Diversions, or through the Anger of a great many, who thought themselves concerned in the Satyr, or through the want of taste in others, met not with that Success from the generality of the Audience, which I hop'd for, and you thought, and still think, it deserved; and I have the Judgment of Men of the best Sense, besides the best of the Poets, on my side in this Point.

But no Success what-ever, could have made me alter my Opinion of this Comedy, which had the benefit of your Correction and Alteration, and the honour of your Approbation: And I heartily wish, you had given your self the trouble, to have review'd all my Plays, as they came incorrectly and in hast from my hands; 'twould have been more to my advantage, than the assistance of Scipio and Lælius was to Terence; and I should have thought it at least as much to my Honour, since by the effects, I find I cannot but esteem you to be as much above both of them in Wit, as either of them was above you in Place in the State.

I shall not, according to the Custom of Dedications, make a Declaration upon your Wit, the common Theam of all that have any, at least of such as know you, who will acknowledge, they have heard more of it drop carelesly from your Mouth, than they have ever seen from the labouring Pen of any other. And my greatest satisfaction is, that I have the Honour of his Friendship, and my Comedies have had his Approbation, whom I have heard speak more Wit at a Supper, than all my Adversaries, with their Heads joyn'd together, can write in a year. Nor are your Writings unequal to any Man's of this Age, (not to speak of abundance of excellent Copies of Verses) you have in the Mulberry-Garden shown the true Wit, Humour, and Satyr of a Comedy; and in Antony and Cleopatra, the true Spirit of a Tragedy, the only one (except two of Johnson's, and one of Shakespear's) wherein

Romans *are made to ſpeak and do like* Romans: *there are to be found the true Characters of* Antony *and* Cleopatra, *as they were; whereas a* French *Author would have made the* Ægyptian *and the* Roman *both become* French *under his Pen. And even our* Engliſh *Authors are too much given to make true History (in their Plays) Romantick and impoſſible; but in this Play, the* Romans *are true* Romans, *and their Style is ſuch: and I dare affirm, that there is not in any Play of this Age ſo much of the Spirit of the Claſſick Authors, as in your* Antony *and* Cleopatra. *This Opinion I have, unbiaſs'd by my Friendſhip, and the Obligations which I owe to you, often declared, and ſhall always perſiſt in.*

After all this, ſince my Comedies are approved and commended by you, and Men of your ſort, the reſt of the Audience muſt forgive me, if I am much more exalted by the praiſe of ſuch as you, than I can ever be humbled by their cenſure.

Satyr will be always unpleaſant to thoſe that deſerve it. It was not my deſign in this Play to pleaſe a Bawd of Quality, a vain Selfiſh, *a ſenſleſs, noiſie* Prig, *a methodical Blockhead, having only a form of Wiſdom, or a Coxcomb that's run ſtark mad after Wit, which uſes him very unkindly, and will never be won by him; nor did I think to pleaſe the Widdows in the Name. The three firſt of theſe Characters are wholly new, not ſo much as touch'd upon before, and the following ones are new in the greateſt part. And till I ſee more variety of new Humour, than I have produced in my Comedies, and more naturally drawn, I ſhall not deſpair of bearing up near my Contemporaries of the firſt rate, who write Comedy, and of always ſurmounting the little Poetaſters of the fourth rate, who condemn me; ſuch as hold, that Wit ſignifies nothing in a Comedy; but the putting out of Candles, kicking down of Tables, falling over Joynt-ſtools, impoſſible accidents, and unnatural miſtakes, (which they moſt abſurdly call Plot) are the poor things they rely upon: But 'tis the Opinion of the beſt Poets, that the Story of a Play ought to be carried on, by working up of Scenes naturally: by deſign, not accidents. I have endeavour'd to do ſo in this Play, and I doubt not, but the Scene in the ſecond Act, wherein* La. Buſy *would perſwade* Iſabella *to be kept, will live, when the Stuff of ſuch Scriblers (more fit for Drolls than Plays) ſhall be conſumed in Grocery-ware, Tobacco, Band-boxes, and Hat-caſes. and be raſed out of the memory of Men.*

I ſhould not ſay ſo much in my own behalf, if I had not met with palpable injuſtice from ſome, whoſe deſign is to ſet up Quacks, and put down true Profeſſors; nor can I find any Reaſon, why a Man that is to live by his Wit, ſhould not vindicate that when 'tis traduced, as well as he, who is to live by his Reputation, may aſſert his Honeſty, when 'tis aſperſed eſpecially ſince neither of 'em are qualities of a Man's own making. But I muſt ask your pardon,

for

for troubling you so long with my Resentments, when I should be boasting of the many Favours you have done me, and giving you my thanks for 'em; yet I know you look for no returns where you oblige; however I am too proud of your Kindness to conceal it, and therefore shall take all opportunities I can publickly to declare my self,

Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

London,
Feb. 16.
167$\frac{8}{3}$.

Tho. Shadwell.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

HEav'n save ye Gallants, and this hopeful Age,
Y'are welcome to the downfal of the Stage:
The Fools have labour'd long in their Vocation;
And Vice, (the Manufacture of the Nation)
O're stocks the Town so much, and thrives so well,
That Fopps and Knaves grow Druggs, and will not sell.
In vain our Wares on Theaters are shown,
When each has a Plantation of his own.
His Cruse ne'r fails; for whatsoe're he spends,
There's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
Shou'd Men be rated by Poetick Rules,
Lord what a Poll would there be rais'd from Fools!
Mean time poor Wit prohibited must lye,
At if 'twere made some French *Commodity.*
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence,
And yet as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry that Oaf was mee,
But now you strive about your Pedigree:
Bawble and Cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a Muss of more than half the Town.
Each one will challenge a Child's part at least,
A sign the Family is well increas'd
Of Forreign Cattle! there's no longer need,
When w'are supply'd so fast with English *Breed.*
Well! Flourish Countrymen: drink swear and roar,
Let every free-born Subject keep his Whore;
And wandring in the Wilderness about,
At end of 40 years not wear her out.
But when you see these Pictures let none dare
To own beyond a Limb, or single share:
For where the Punk is common! he's a Sot,
Who needs will Father what the Parish got.

DRAM-

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Bellamour, A Gentleman of the Town, who had retired ſome time into the Countrey.

Carlos, A Gentleman return'd from Travel, with Wit enough left to love his own Countrey.

Stanmore, A Gentleman of the Town.

Selfiſh, A Coxcomb conceited of his Beauty, Wit and Breeding, thinking all Women in Love with him, always admiring and talking of himſelf.

Old Maggot. An old credulous Fellow, a great Enemy to Wit, and a great Lover of Buſineſs, for Buſineſs-ſake.

Yo. Maggot. His Nephew: An Inns of Court-Man, who neglects his Law, and runs mad after Wit, pretending much to Love, and both in ſpight of Nature, ſince his Face makes him unfit for one, and his Brains for the other.

Prig, A Coxcomb that never talks or thinks of any thing but Dogs, Horſes, Hunting, Hawking, Bowls, Tennis, and Gameing; a Rook, a moſt noiſie Jockey.

Lump, A methodical Blockhead, as regular as a Clock, and goes as true as a *Pendulum*, one that knows what he ſhall do every Day of his Life by his Almanack, where he ſets down all his Actions before-hand, a mortal Enemy to Wit.

La. Cheat. The true Widdow, that comes to Town, and makes a ſhow of a Fortune, to put off her ſelf, and her two Daughters.

Iſabella, Her Eldeſt, a Woman of Wit and Vertue.

Gartrude, Her Youngeſt, very fooliſh and whoriſh.

La. Buſy, A Woman of Intrigue, very buſie in Love-Matters of all kinds, too old for Love of her own, always charitably helping forward that of others, very fond of young Women, very wiſe and diſcreet, half Bawd, half Match-maker.

Steward, To Lady *Cheatly*.

Players, Door-keepers, and many other Perſons, the Audience to the Play in the Play.

Scene, *LONDON*.

Reader,

Reader,

MAny Faults in the Printing have escaped, by reason of my absence, while the third and fourth Acts were in the Press: I shall only give you an account of some notorious Errours; as Page 44. for 5 s. read 50 l. p. 47. for *in favour* r. *infamous.* p. 48. instead of *take it* r. *take me*: But the greatest Mistake was, in not printing the Play in the Play in another Character, that that might be known in the Reading, which a great many did not find in the Acting of it; but take notice, 2 *Lovers*, *Wife and Husband*, are all that speak in that. In the Action, many doubted which belong'd to the Farce in the Play, and which to the Play it self, by reason of promiscuous speaking; and I found by venturing upon that new Thing, I ran a great Risque: For some, I believe, wish'd all the Play like that part of a Farce in it; others knew not my intention in it, which was to expose the Style and Plot of Farce-Writers, to the utter confusion of damnable Farce, and all its wicked and foolish Adherents. But I had rather suffer, by venturing to bring new things upon the Stage, than go on like a Mill-Horse in the same Round.

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ACT I.

Enter Bellamour *and* Stanmore.

Stan. COme *Bellamour*, what not dreſt yet? methinks after ſo long a faſt from Wit and fine Women as you have had in the Countrey, you ſhould be ſharper ſet after both, than to fool away a morning thus in your Chamber.

Bell. There is a reſpect due from a Countrey Gentleman to a new Suit and Peruque, they muſt not be haſtily put on. And the Women of this Town, if you don't take care of your own outſide, will never let you be acquainted with their inſides.

Stan. Thou art miſtaken, men ſucceed now according to the Clothes they give, not thoſe they wear.

Bell. Amongſt your little Whores, *Stanmore.*

Stan. And amongſt your great Whores too *Bellamour.* I knew a Gentleman, who was ſo ugly, a modiſh Spark would ſcarce have given him a Livery. yet by a correſpondence he kept with a Taylor, and Shoomaker at *Paris*, and two or three of that ſort, got one of the fineſt Women in *England.*

Bell. How ſo?

Stan. Why ſhe had always the faſhion a month before any of the Court-Ladies, never wore any thing made in *England*, ſcarce waſht there, and had all the affected new Words ſent her, before they were in print, which made her paſs among Fops for a kind of *French* Wit.

Bell. But were not theſe *French* Petticoats, though given by one man, taken up by many.

Stan. Faith I think not, ſhe conſidered her own vanity above any mans addreſs, though one Lord made Coaches at her, another ſqueezed in his fat ſides at her, till he looked like a full ſack; a third writ lamentable Sonnets to her; a fourth obſerved her motions in the Park, which, by the way is the new method of making Love.

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Bell. What, do they make Love without ſpeaking to one another?

Stan. A great many very fine Gentlemen, to look at, better then with it, your ſide-glaſs let down haſtily, when the party goes by, is very paſſionate if ſhe ſide-*glaſs* you again, for that's the new word, ply her next day with a *billet doux* and you have her ſure.

Bell. What if we chance to go the ſame way, or ſhe won't receive my *billet doux*, as you call it?

Stan. For the firſt it muſt never chance; you muſt inſtruct your Coachman, and for the ſecond after ſuch an advance as ſide-glaſſing of you, if ſhe refuſe your *Billet* ſhe is a Jilt, and you muſt rail at her in all Companies.

Bell. I am pretty good at railing, but not ſo good as thou art, *Stanmore.*

Stan. I had forgotten half; you muſt turn as ſhe turns; quit the Park when ſhe goes out, paſs by her twice or thrice between that and St. *Jame's*; talk to her at night in the drawing Room ——

Bell. Before forty Coxcombs, and then the buſineſs is ſufficiently proclaimed, is it not think you?

Stan. Tis all one, it muſt be ſo, or you will paſs for an old faſhion'd Lover, and never ſucceed beyond a Chamber-maid.

Bell. This is a folly of our own growth, it came not to us out of *France.*

Stan. That Nation ha's at this time no folly ſo harmleſs.

Bell. But if there be any ſtirring of what kind ſoever, our empty young fellows will be ſure to fill themſelves with it, and prefer it to all the ſence and good breeding of their own Countrey: But now we talk of *France*, I wonder we ſee not *Carlos*, he was expected from thence two or three nights ſince. [*Enter* Carlos.

Stan. See where he comes. Dear *Carlos*, I could not run more haſtily upon my Miſtreſs after a long abſence; thou art the delight of all thy friends, and even thy Enemies take a malignant pleaſure to behold that ſhape, that feature, and that meen.

Car. Hold *Stanmore*, I think thou takes't me for a Miſtreſs indeed by thy Complements, which I know not how to return.

Stan. Thou art ſo improved, a man muſt love as I do, not to envy thee.

Car. Enough *Stanmore*, your friendſhip blinds you, I never knew any of theſe loving Rogues good for any thing. [*aſide.*
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Bell. Now

Bell. Now I see *Carlos* here, methinks I am a perfect man of the Town again; I only forswore it for a time; 'Faith, Money is a thing gotten in ill Company, and spent in good; I have been laying up.

Car. Men of War after a warm Engagement, must into the Docks to be new built for Fight.

Bell. Right, but how go matters in *France*? What new Foppery is turn'd up Trump there?

Car. What with Governors, Ladies eldest Sons, Embassadors and Envoyes, you have 'em here almost as soon as the *French* themselves.

Stan. No alteration since we were there?

Car. Wit and Women are quite out of Fashion, so are Flutes, Doux and Fidlers, Drums and Trumpets are their only Musick.

Bell. 'Tis but ill Musick for their Neighbours.

Car. At home they are alwayes roaring out *Te Deums* for *Stealing* of some Town or other: War and Equipage is their discourse, which by the way is so Pompous, that should they conquer *Europe* they should scarce be savers.

Stan. How came Wit and Women out of fashion?

Car. Why in Camps they learn to live without Women; and for Wit, great men that love to play the fool in quiet, find it troublesome.

Bell. 'Faith the latter of these is a great grievance here; our great men hate Wit, but love damn'd Flattery, though never so fulsom.

Car. Pray what Fools does this Town afford?

Stan. Very choice ones, we'l bring you where you shall enjoy 'em: there is a Widow lately come to Town who sets up for a great fortune, has taken a good House, and lives very splendidly, I suppose with intention to put off her self and two Daughters, who are very pretty, one of which *Bellamour* is in love with.

Bell. I make love to her, I confess, but 'tis a harmless Lambent flame, and aimes but at fornication; but *Stanmore* is in love with the other, and Heaven knows what that may end in.

Stan. I nave no designs upon her fortune, I aim only at her person, I yet run at the whole herd.

Car. Come, you know your own tempers, no more in love then in play, where those who are very stingy at first, will bleed deeply at last.

Bell. This Widow, by name the Lady *Cheately*, has made her House the Rendevouz of Fools, Knvaes, Whore-masters, Ladies of

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Bell. I am pretty good at railing, but not ſo good as thou art, *Stanmore.*

Stan. I had forgotten half; you muſt turn as ſhe turns; quit the Park when ſhe goes out, paſs by her twice or thrice between that and St. *James*'s; talk to her at night in the drawing Room ——

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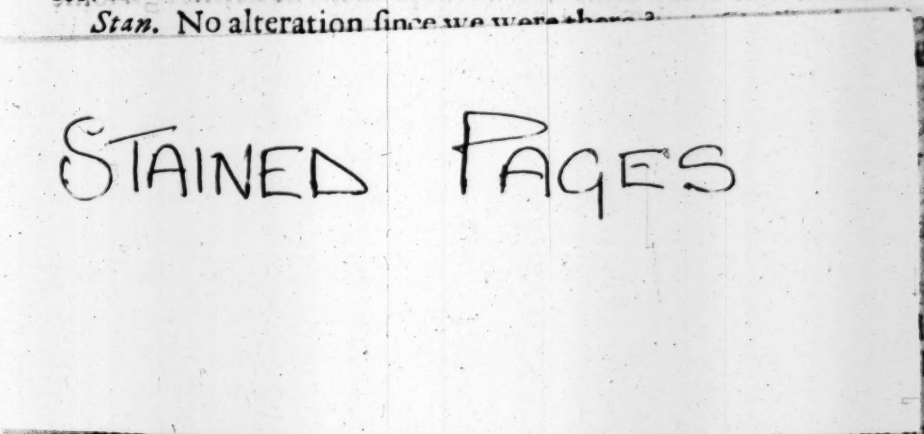

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Stan. No alteration since we were there?

Car. Wit and Women are quite out of Fashion, so are Flutes, Doux and Fidlers, Drums and Trumpets are their only Musick.

Bell. 'Tis but ill Musick for their Neighbours.

Car. At home they are alwayes roaring out *Te Deums* for *Stealing* of some Town or other: War and Equipage is their discourse, which by the way is so Pompous, that should they conquer *Europe* they should scarce be savers.

Stan. How came Wit and Women out of fashion?

Car. Why in Camps they learn to live without Women; and for Wit, great men that love to play the fool in quiet, find it troublesome.

Bell. 'Faith the latter of these is a great grievance here; our great men hate Wit, but love damn'd Flattery, though never so fulsom.

Car. Pray what Fools does this Town afford?

Stan. Very choice ones, we'l bring you where you shall enjoy 'em: there is a Widow lately come to Town who sets up for a great fortune, has taken a good House, and lives very splendidly, I suppose with intention to put off her self and two Daughters, who are very pretty, one of which *Bellamour* is in love with.

Bell. I make love to her, I confess, but 'tis a harmless Lambent flame, and aimes but at fornication; but *Stanmore* is in love with the other, and Heaven knows what that may end in.

Stan. I nave no designs upon her fortune, I aim only at her person, I yet run at the whole herd.

Car. Come, you know your own tempers, no more in love then in play, where those who are very stingy at first, will bleed deeply at last.

Bell. This Widow, by name the Lady *Cheately*, has made her House the Rendevouz of Fools, Knaves, Whore-masters, Ladies of

all ſorts, and young Heirs: Amongſt the reſt of Fops, there is *Young Maggot*, one whom his Uncle, whoſe Heir he is, bred at the Inns of Court, and intended for the Law, but he has left that, and is run Wit-mad; thinks of nothing, endeavours at nothing, but to be a Wit and a Lover, and both in ſpight of Nature.

Stan. And though he has made Love and Wit his whole buſineſs, he is gotten no farther yet than to be thought a Wit by the Fools, and an Aſs by the Witty men.

Car. This is a choice Spirit: Indeed 'tis a general Folly; for Wit is a common Idol that every Coxcomb worſhips in his heart, though ſome Blockheads of buſineſs diſſemble it.

Bell. But there is another Coxcomb of that extream vanity, that Nature amongſt all her variety of Fops, has not produced the like: He draws all lines of Diſcourſe to the center of his own Perſon, and never was known to ſpeak, but I did, or I ſaid, was at the beginning or end of it.

Stan. He is lean as a Skeleton, and yet ſets up for ſhape; he changed his Taylor twice, becauſe his Shoulder-Bone ſticks out.

Bell. He thinks all Women in love with him, and all Men his intimate Friends; he will make *doux æux* to a Judge upon the Bench, and not deſpair of getting a Widow at her Husband's Funeral; thinks himſelf very well bred, and welcome at all times to all People, though ſober among Drunkards, and without a Penny in his Pocket to Men deep at Play.

Car. Oh! I remember this Coxcomb, he has no fortune, and yet is always talking of Equipage and Dreſſing: 'Tis *Selfiſh*; but do any Women favour that Fop?

Stan. Oh yes! There is no more account to be given of their Love before they know Man, than their longings after; but both are moſt commonly for nauſeous nafty things.

Car. They do moſt things by chance; but when they chuſe, 'tis ever for the worſt.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Mr. *Selfiſh* is combing his Peruque below ſtairs, and will be here inſtantly.

Bell. Retire while I ſhow him. [*They retire.*

Enter Selfiſh; *ſets his Peruque, and bows to the Glaſs.*

Sel. How doſt thou do, *Bellamour*? You fat Fellows have always Glaſſes that make one look ſo thin.

Bell

Bell. You look in it much as you do out on't.

Sel. Sure I am not ſo lean; I was told I look'd pretty plump to day: hah! my damn'd Rogue has put me into the moſt buſtling Stuff; *Bellamour*, I like thy Breeches well.

Bell. Why you don't ſee 'em.

Self. Yes, I ſee 'em in the Glaſs, your Taylor ſhall make mine a Pox on my *Valet de Chambre*, how he has tyed my Cravat up to day; a man cannot get a good *Valet de Chambre*, French or Engliſh.

Bell. A French one is fitteſt for him, becauſe he can faſt beſt.

Sel. I begin to Belly I think very much; I muſt go into *France* and flux, 'twill do my Complexion good as well as my Shape.

Bell. Why thou art fit to be hung up at *Barber-Surgeons*-Hall for a Skeleton; a Woman had as good lye with a Faggot.

Sel. Thou art envious, the Ladies are of another mind; I am ſure you are above Whore maſters weight, and a Woman had as good lye with a pound of Candles.

Bell. Enough of this: There is a Friend of mine, one *Carlos*, lately come from *France*, that underſtands Dreſſing, I muſt bring you together.

Sel. You talk of my Leanneſs: I had the moſt lucky Adventure; I was happy in the Converſation of a pretty Perſon of Quality, young and witty, I went in a Coach with my hand in her neck from the Duke's Play-houſe to the Pell-mell, kiſſing her all the way.

Bell. There is a thing happen'd to me, in which I have occaſion for your aſſiſtance and advice.

Sel. I have lately ſucceeded in the Affections of ſo many pretty Creatures, faith, I know not how to turn my hands to 'em, poor Rogues; if you did but ſee the Advances that all the Ladies that come to the Widow's and her Daughters, make to me, you would ſtand amazed, and ſo ſhould I, but that I am uſed to thoſe things.

Car. This Fool is much improved ſince I went into *France*.

Stan. Fools always improve in Folly, as witty men in Underſtanding.

Car. Indeed he has great acquired Parts.

Sel. Bellamour fare thee well, I muſt go home and anſwer two or three *Billet doux* from Perſons of Quality, I have a buſhel in a year. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Car. A moſt admirable Coxcomb; he is ſo full of himſelf, he ne'r minds another man, and ſo anſwers quite from the purpoſe.

Bell.

Bell. He never answers any man nor cares to be answered, he desires but to be heard; but come *Carlos* let's take the air and while away a dineing time.

Car. I hate a Dinner, 'tis a good meal for a dull plodding Fellow of busines's that must bait like a Carriers Horse, and then to plodding again; but the Supper is the meal of pleasure and enjoyment.

Stan. Supping indeed is a solemn thing, and should be used but with few, every Blockhead can Dine.

Bell. That is, fill a Belly: but there are few men fit to Sup, there's more then eating requir'd for that mystery, there must be Wit and Sence.

Enter Young Maggot.

Yo. Mag. Your Servant Gentlemen, I see *Bellamour* you are going abroad, I only come to show you my last Verses.

Bell. Your last Verses, I would I could be so happy to see them.

Yo. Mag. You have Company, and I have Busines's, some other time.

Bell. What Busines's?

Yo. Mag. Why, Wit and Beauty, I know no other, I am long'd for by the Ladies now to give account of the Play, for the Poets will not write, the Players Act, nor the Ladies censure without my Judgment first.

Bell. The Ladies are indeed your finger Watches, that go just as you set them.

Yo. Mag. Faith, that's very well imagin'd, well said, I think thou hast ne're as much Wit as one of us Writers.

Car. What is your opinion of the Play?

Yo. Mag. I saw it Scene by Scene, and helped him in the writing, it breaks well, the *Protasis* good, the *Catastasis* excellent, there's no *Episode*, but the *Catastrophe* is admirable, I lent him that and the love parts, and the Songs. There are a great many sublimes that are very Poetical.

Stan. Poetical, in his Judgment, is always Fustian and Nonsence in anothers, I warrant 'tis some Roring Ranting Play that's upon the fret all the while.

Bell. Will you carry us to a Rehearsal?

Y. Mag. 'Tis a famaliarity among us Writers to see one another naked, you are men of Wit, and desperate Criticks, and we Poets fear you as singing Birds do a Hawk.

Car. Thank you for your Hawk.

Wit. Ay

Yo. Mag. Ay was it not well ſaid?

Car. But methinks Fools ſhould be your only Enemies.

Yo. Mag. They can't hurt us, beſides, a Dedication, writing Songs for their Miſtreſſes, or ſhowing them a Play before hand, will take them off.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, Mr. *Prig* is coming up.

Y. Mag. Now ſhall we be troubled with Fools, a man can never enjoy thee half an hour to himſelf, thou art ſo haunted with Fops.

Bell. How inſupportable the Rogues are to one another.

Carl. What is this *Prig*?

Stan. He is an univerſal Gameſter, an admirable Horſe and Dog Herauld, knows all the Remarkable ones, their Families, and Alliances, is indeed more intimately acquainted with Beaſts, then Men; and 'tis fit he ſhould be ſo.

Bell. He is in ſhort a Led-eater, Intelligencer, and dry-jeſter to Gameing, and Jocky-Lords; flatters, rooks, and paſſes for a Jolly Companion amongſt 'em; and makes thoſe things which are but the Recreations of men of Sence, his whole Buſineſs.

Enter Prig.

Prig. Gentlemen good Morrow, tho I think 'tis almoſt Noon, where were you laſt Night? if you had been at my Lord *Squanders*, you had ſeen the beſt Play you had ſeen this Month. My Lord loſt a Thouſand pound, *Jack Sharper* won three Hundred, *Tom Whiskin* an Hundred, my Lord *Whimſey* loſt five Hundred, Sir *Thomas Rantipol* loſt ſix Hundred, Sir *Nicholas Whachum* won two Hundred, and the Rooks were very buſie.

Stan. Then you were not idle?

Prig. No faith: But I am come to get you to look upon the beſt bred Horſe in *England*. *Woodcock* was his Grandfather, he is the Son of Bay Luſty, and the Brother of Redroſe; his Siſter is the White-Mare, the Cozen-german of Crack-a-fart, Cozen once removed to Nutmeg, third Cozen to my Lord *Squanders* Colt, ally'd to Flea-bitten by the ſecond Venter; in ſhort he is of an excellent Family, and I am going to make a civil Viſit to him, he's to run for the Plate at *Brackley*, *Stamford* and *Newmarket*, and goes out of Town to Morrow.

Bell. We cannot ſee him, we're ingaged.

Prig. Engag'd! no faith let's make a match at Tennis to day, I was invited to Dine by two or three Lords, but, if you will let me have

have Pen, Ink and Paper, I'll ſend my diſpatches, and diſ-engage my ſelf: How will that Gentleman and you play with *Stanmore*, and I keep his back hand at *Gibbonſes*?

Bell. I do not know his Play.

Prigg. We'll take a Bisk of you.

Bell. No, you ſhan't.

Prigg. You'r half fifteen better than I to a Grain.

Stanm. No, that he is not.

Prigg. I never heard the like in my life; gad, you'll never let me make a reaſonable Match with you; you beat *Sharper* at a Bisk, and he beats me; what will *Stanmore* and you give *Maggot* and me at *White-hall*, and play the beſt of your play? hah.

Young Maggot. I never play, I ſtay at home and write.

Prigg. Piſh, 'tis all one for that, we'll play with you at a Bisk, and a fault, for twenty pound.

You. Mag. I will not Sir.

Prigg. Come, I'le hold you twenty pound, you do not make a fairer Match; Let me ſee——hold——anon——hum——ha——Ay--- 'tis juſt ſo to a hairs breadth; Come, we'll play it.

Bell. I tell you I am engag'd to day.

Prigg. We'll play or pay to morrow at ten; where ſhall we ſup?

Stanm. No where, you cannot ſup.

Prigg. Not ſup?

Bell. No, you are not fit to ſup.

Prigg. No? I am ſure I have as good a ſtomach, and will eat two meals a day with any man that wears a head.

Car. That will not do.

Prigg. No? I'll eat three then; what ſay you *Maggot*, will you play?

You. Mag. I will never play as long as I live, at that or any thing elſe, while I can have Pen, Ink and Paper.

Prigg. O Lord! O Lord! I would not ſay ſo for all the world.

Bell. A man muſt uſe Exerciſe to keep himſelf down, he will Belly elſe, and the Ladies will not like him.

Young Magg. I have another way to bring down my Belly.

Stanm. Another? What's that?

Young. Magg. Why I ſtudy, I ſtudy and write; 'tis exerciſe of the Mind does it; I have none of the worſt Shapes or Complexions; 'tis writing and inventing does my buſineſs.

Car. Will that do't, Sir?

Prigg.

Prigg. Think? What a Pox ſhould a Gentleman think of but Dogs Horſes, Dice, Tennis, Bowls, Races, or Cock-fighting? The Devil take me, I never think of any thing elſe, but now and then of a Whore (when I have a mind to her.)

Carl. This is ſtrange, Mr. *Maggot*, and very curious; how do you know how much you fall away in a days time?

Yo. Mag. I have an Engine to weigh my ſelf when I ſit down to write, or think; and when I unbend my ſelf agen.

Prigg. How do you unbend?

Yo. Mag. Why I unbend my imagination, my intellect.

Prigg. Your intellect, pray Sir what's that, is't a new word for a Croſs-bow?

Y. Mag. How I ſcorn Fops! Why I have been in love theſe two Months, and I have waſted above fourteen pound; Love is a great preſerver of the ſhape, a very great one: You know my Miſtreſs, the Widows youngeſt Daughter.

Carl. This is a curious Coxcomb.

Prigg. Love! Ay, if a man gets a Clap, 'twill take him down.

Yo. Mag. May it take down your Noſe, you unthinking Animal.

Prigg. What a Devil does he mean?

Yo. Mag. Why I weigh'd my ſelf, when I writ my laſt Song, and I waſted ſix ounces, *aver du pois* weight in the writing: And I was not above twelve hours about it.

Carl. I beſeech you let's hear it Sir.

Yo. Mag. Withal my heart.

Damon *ſee how charming* Chloris,
Who gives love to all that ſee her,
Burning us yet in coldneſs glories,
And is never never freer.
Though darts and flames from her eye fly Sr.
And her Breaſt is warm and ſpicy,
Yet there is coldneſs in her eye Sr.
And her heart's all over Icy.
By coldneſs I am more inflamed,
As in Winter is Spring water,
My love by ſcorn can not be tamed,
But I the rather would be at her.

Prigg. Did this make you waſte ſix ounces? I writ a Song t'other day, and it did not make me waſte at all.

Bell. Prithee *Prigg* let's hear it.

ONE Night walking in a Wood,
I met one was a Maid as good
As e're ſhe coud:
But ſhe fired my Blood,
And to her I ſtood.
With a hey Boys, ding, ding, ding Boys hey,
With a hey Boys, ding, ding, ding.

[Prigg *ſings.*

Quoth I, my pretty Buxom Laſs,
From me this time thou ſhalt not paſs
In any Caſe;
For the ſake of thy Face!
I'l lay thee on the Graſs.
With a hey Boys, ding, &c.

Yo. Mag. Oh what violence does he to my Ears,

Prigg. What he does not like it? Pox! theſe Wits like nothing but what they do themſelves, I love a Tavern Song, that will Roar, and make one Merry, a Pox of his *Strephons* and *Phillises.*

Bell. What will become of you *Young Maggot* your Uncle *Maggot?* that common Foe to Wit, is coming up.

Yo. Mag. Hide me Gentlemen, hide me, I am undone if he finds me in your Company.

Bell. Step in there. [Yo. Mag. *retires.*

Enter Maggot

Magg. Gentlemen I come to look out an ungracious Nephew of mine, who I hear by virtue of your Company, ſets up for a Wit: Will any of you keep him him when you have made him good for nothing.

Bell. Good for nothing! why, he is the darling of the Ladies, they dote on him for his Songs, and fear him for his Lampoons, and the men think no Debauch perfect without him.

Magg. Yes, I hear he writ a Libel, I ſhall have him ſcribble away his ears, or write himſelf ſo far into the Ladies favours, to loſe his Noſe, or be knock'd o'th head; theſe are the fruits of Wit.

Carl. The diſaſters rather.

Magg.

Magg. The World will bear with you that have Eſtates, tho you have a little; but 'tis enough to undo a man that is to make his Fortune. My roguy Nephhew muſt leave *Cook* upon *Littleton* for *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

Stan. Poetry is an ornament to a man of any profeſſion.

Magg. 'Tis a damn'd Weed, and will let nothing good or profitable grow by it, 'tis the Language of the Devil, and begun with Oracles. Where did you know a Wit thrive, or indeed keep his own?

Carl. They part with their Money for Pleaſure, and Fools part with their Pleaſure for Money; the one will make a better Laſt Will and Teſtament, but the other lead a happier Life.

Y. Mag. Profit begone, what art thou but a breath.
I'l live proud of my Infamy and ſhame,
Grac'd with the Triumphs of a Poets name:
Men can but ſay, Wit did my Reaſon blind,
And Wit's the nobleſt frailty of the Mind.
Methinks it runs well thus.

Mag. What noiſe is that? ha! My ungracious Nephew repeating Verſes. Come out you Raſcal; doſt thou not tremble at my anger? Thou that mighteſt have been a Judge in time, to make a Wit of thy ſelf thus!

Bell. Good Sir be patient; Did not the great Pleader *Cicero* make Verſes?

Mag. And you ſee what came on't, he died a Beggar, and of a violent death.

Y. Mag. Sir, The Verſes were not my own.

Mag. Sir, Be gone to the Temple, and let me once more find you at Wit, and I'll diſ-inherit you.

Y. Mag. Good Sir hear me.

Mag. Be gone, I ſay.

Carl. This is ridiculous enough, and odd.

Bell. There is a powerful faction againſt Wit.

Stan. Come, let's take the Air. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Lady Cheatly, *and Mr.* Lump *her Brother.*

Lump. I ſee, Lady Siſter, you are reſolv'd to puſh on the remnant of your Eſtate, and make the Snuff of your Fortune burn cleareſt.

L. Cheatly. As my Fortune was, it would do us no good; but this Town, and the way I take, may advance it, or at leaſt diſpoſe of my own Perſon.

Lump. You ſhall not want my Money, ſo long as I have Deeds of Truſt from you; you ſhall have the Name on't. I have help'd you to ſober, ſolid, godly men, who will help to carry on your deſign.

L. Cheatly. Some cautious old Fellow or other (who is wiſe enough to have his own Wiſdom contribute to the cheating of him) may ſnap at me; and ſome raſh, amorous, young Fellows may catch at my Daughters.

Lump. I wiſh you had ſet up in the City among our Party, and gone to Meetings, it might have been a great advantage; I my ſelf have made much benefit of Religion, as to my temporal Concerns, and (ſo long as it be directed to a good end) it is a pious fraud, and very lawful.

L. Cheat. No Brother, The godly have two qualities, which would ſpoil my deſign; great Covetouſneſs (which would make 'em pry too narrowly into our Fortune) and much Eating (which would too ſoon devour what I have left.)

Lump. Reproach not the godly, Lady Siſter, I do not like it.

L. Cheat. Where is there a better Market for Beauty, than near the Court? And who will more likely ſnap at the ſhadow of a good Fortune, than the Gentlemen of this end of the Town, who are moſt of 'em in debt? And I have choſen the beſt Inſtrument in the world to make 'em believe me Rich.

Lump. Who is that?

L. Cheat. A very buſie old Gentleman, and very credulous, that loves to tell News, and always magnifies a true Story till it becomes a Lye, one Mr. *Maggot.*

Lump. I know he is a Perſon of Parts, but he is not ſolid, he's hot-brain'd, and has not Method in him; for my own part, I think not any one wiſe, who does not know what he ſhall do this day fifty years, if he lives; I for my part do.

L. Cheat. I hope 'tis dining with me, Brother.

Lump. No, Upon the one and twentieth of *March*, I ſhall fifty years hence, dine with Mr. *Ananias Felt*, an E'der of our Church, if we live, and he obſerve his Method; my Journal tells what I ſhall do each day of my life.

L. Cheat. Can you tell what you ſhall do next *Midſummer*-day fifty years?

Lump. I ſhall go down to my Houſe in *Kent.*

L. Cheat. Do you never alter your Day?

Lump. By no means; if one link of the Chain be broken, Wiſdom falls to the ground.

L. Cheat.

L. Cheat. What do you do upon the sixth of *May* come fifty year?

Lump. This Book will tell you——*May*——*May*——6th——6th. Let me see——6th——I take Physick, and shave my self.

L. Cheat. What, sick or well, Beard or no Beard?

Lump. 'Tis all one for that, I never break my Method——Let me see——the next day——I walk to *Hampstead*, Dine at the *Queens-Head*, Come back in my Coach, Visit Sr. *Formall Trifle*, and at night I do Communicate with my Wife.

L. Cheat. Not fifty years hence; you'll go near to break that Method.

Lump. I never break any——No man can be wise without this Principle——But Sister, I am to give you a main Caution; Have a care of Wits at this end of the Town; Wits are good for nothing, of no use in a Commonwealth, they understand not Business.

L. Cheat. The better for my purpose. They value pleasure, and will bid high for't.

Lump. I say they are good for nothing; they are not men of Method and Business.

L. Cheat. So Fools say, who seem to be excellent men of Business, because they always make a business of what is none, and seem to be always very industrious, because they take great pains for what a witty man does with ease.

Lump. You are out, you are out; hang 'em Wits, when did you see any of 'em Rise?

L. Cheat. No, Because the Fools are so numerous and strong, they keep 'em down; or rather because men of Wit (that have Fortunes) know what a senseless thing the drudgery of Business and Authority is, and those that have none, want the Impudence, Flattery, and Importunity of Blockheads.

Lump. I fear you are tainted, vilely tainted with Wit; if you had fix'd in the City, you might have scap'd the Infection, no body would have put you in the head of Wit there. But hold, my hour is come——At three a Clock I will throw away a quarter of an hour upon you. Farewel. [*Ex.* Lump.

L. Cheat. Who waits there?

Enter Steward.

Oh my good *Steward!* Are the Scriveners come?

Steward. Yes, Madam, Your design prospers beyond our hopes; it has taken fire like a train, and run through all the Town. and all believe you to be a great Fortune. *L. Cheat.*

L. Cheat. I have chosen as proper an Engine for my Business as can be, my Lady *Busie*, a perpetual Gossiper, and Visiter in all Families, a very wise Lady, a great Tattle and News-Monger, who being something too old for an Intrigue of her own, is as good a body to help on those of others as can be, and is glad to bring Lovers of any kind together.

Steward. Already the belief of your Wealth has spread so far, that I have had two of the City this morning with me (who having been shrewdly bitten by Goldsmiths) are very desirous to trust their Money in your hands, hearing what Mortgiges you have, and believing you can imploy it better than any body.

L. Cheat. You did not sure refuse 'em?

Steward. No, I'll warrant you, Madam, they will bring their Money presently; Mr. *Maggot* too entreats me, that I will be very importunate with your Ladyship, to imploy a thousand pound of his for him.

L. Cheat. There needs no importunity, subtle Rogue; he thinks to lay it here for a Nest-Egg, and that I shall lay many more to it, which he hopes he may have again, together with my Person.

Steward. No, Madam, 'Tis held in Mortmain, never to return again: Besides, we have Presents enough to keep your House this Moneth, brought in this Morning; A red Deer potted, a brace of fat Does, Hums of *Bayon* Bacon, a brace of Swans, potted Charrs, *Brant* Geese, and (besides all this) a piece of the best Wine in *England*. Here are the Names of the Presenters.

L. Cheat. Let me see all Well-willers to my Self or Daughters: Cunning Fools; how very politick they are? Well, Policy is most commonly the foolishest thing in the world.

Steward. Madam, there are a great many waiting about money-business without, shall I call any of 'em in?

L. Cheat. By no means —— when I am alone: when Company is with me, they are of use, and spread my fame abroad: Entertain 'em well, and bid 'em hasten Dinner. [Ex. *Omnes.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

Enter Lady Cheatly *and* Lady Busy.

L. Cheat. MAadm I am infinitely oblig'd to your Ladyship, who can be so careful of my whole Family.

L. *Busy.*

L. *Buſy.* Why truly Madam I love to do good Offices, we are bound in Chriſtian Charity to one another, and I wiſh'd Mr. *Maggot* to your Ladyſhip, if he be not ſomewhat too old for the Vigour of your Ladyſhip: he is rich, and is diſcreet, and his other Defects may be ſupplied elſewhere.

L. Cheat. Your Ladyſhip's very obliging.

L. Buſy. If not, there's Mr. *Prigg*, an ingenious Gentleman, of a pretty Fortune, whom I wiſh'd to you; he is in great favour with Lords, I warrant you, you ſhall ſeldom take him without a Lord in his mouth, they do ſo court him, they love him mightily.

L. Cheat. And he loves Lords mightily for being ſo.

L. Buſy. Oh mightily! Well Madam, your two Daughters are accounted the Beauties of the Drawing Room; there's no body while they there, will vouchſafe to look upon a Maid of Honour, no, not they, and they are as mad at it.

L. Cheat. 'Tis not the Beauty of my Daughters makes 'em look at 'em ſo, but they like an indifferent new face better than thoſe faces they are uſed to every Night. They are weary of 'em.

L. Buſy. Oh, no really your Daughters are the prettieſt Creatures in Town, and I would fain have 'em well ſettled, one way or other; I have had ſeveral offers of Husbands for 'em, but I do not think I have yet met with Fortunes good enough; but that great Lord I told you of, is very preſſing to enjoy your Eldeſt, and as I ſaid, he offers a Thouſand pounds down, and three Hundred pound *per Annum* during life; but that I know your Ladyſhip is diſcreet, and one that has ſeen the World, I dar'd not have propounded this to you.

L. Cheat. My Daughters have Fortunes enough to Marry 'em to good Eſtates, but your Ladyſhip is wiſe, 'tis good to treat with all perſons, and all ways, to ſettle a young — Girl in the World.

L. Buſy. Why Madam this will be a great Addition to her Fortune, and beſides you do not know how he may prefer her, or for ought we know, after he has try'd her, he may like her ſo well as to own her —— who knows? Be pleas'd to conſider how Marriage is cry'd down, and that there are few that are good for any thing will think on't now adays: beſides, Cuſtom alters all things mightily — Mothers very frequently do this for their Daughters now, and if it be a faſhion you know——

L. Cheat. I am very much oblig'd to your Ladyſhips advice, I have propounded it to my Daughter, but ſhe is ſo perverſe, ſhe will not liſten

liſten to me, but ſays ſhe had rather Marry a Groom, than be Miſtreſs to a Prince.

L. Buſy. Oh fy, ſhe has a wrong Notion of the thing, I will try to adviſe her better.

L. Cheat. Your Ladyſhip will do me a great favour, here they come both.

Enter Iſabella *and* Gartrude.

L. Buſie. Ladies, your Servant.

Iſab. } Your Ladyſhips moſt humble Servant.
Gart. }

L. Buſie. Mrs. *Iſabella*, I have ſomething to adviſe you for your good.

Iſab. For my good, Madam?

L. Buſie. Yes, Madam, and therefore be pleaſed to give attention to me.

Iſab. Good Manners will make me do that.

L. Buſie. Why look you, You are young, I am in years, an ancient Woman, and have ſeen the World, as they ſay.

Iſab. Ancient? Your Ladyſhip looks very youthfully.

L. Buſie. No, no, You are pleaſed to Complement me; but, as I ſaid, my Lady and my Self have known the World, as the ſaying is.

Iſab. And you the Fleſh, and the Devil, as the ſaying is. [*Aſide.*

L. Buſie. And tis fit the Young ſhould ſubmit themſelves to the gravity and diſcretion of the Old.

Iſab. Yes, where they can find it.

L. Buſie. Go to——My Lady is a Perſon whoſe aim is to ſettle you well in the World——Do you conceive me——And ſhe knows what's fitteſt and moſt convenient for you——And Obedience is the beſt Vertue.

Iſab. Very well, Madam.

L. Buſie. Now there is a certain Lord, whom my Lady has mentioned to you.

Iſab. A Lord? a Beaſt, and one that would make me as bad as himſelf.

L. Cheat. Good Mrs. *Pert*, Keep in that fooliſh Inſtrument, your Tongue: A Beaſt? there are a great many like him.

L. Buſie. Be not ſo forward, all things have two Faces—Do not look upon the wrong one——Go to——You are a fine young Lady, and are brought by your Lady Mother to Town, the general Mart

for

for Beauty. Well—you would be ſo ſetled in the World, as to have a certain Fond, whereon you may rely, which in Age may ſecure you from Contempt—Good.

Iſab. I hope I ſhall have enough to keep me honeſt.

L. Buſy. Nay, Heaven forbid I ſhould perſuade you to be diſhoneſt: Vertue is a rare thing, a heavenly thing. But I ſay ſtill, be mindful of the main —— alals a Woman is a ſolitary, helpleſs Creature without a Man, God knows —— good —— how may this Man be had in Marriage ſay you? —— very well —— if you could get a fine Gentleman with Money enough, but alas! thoſe do not Marry, they have left it off. The Cuſtomes of the World change in all Ages.

Iſab. In ours for the worſe.

L. *Buſy.* Very well ſaid, —— but yet the wiſeſt muſt obey 'em as they change, —— do you conceive, Madam. ——

Iſab. Yes, I do conceive you to be doing a very Reverend Office. [*aſide.*

Gart. Methinks her Ladyſhip ſpeaks a great deal of Reaſon, ſhe's a a fine ſpoken Lady truly.—

L. *Buſy.* Now I ſay ſince Cuſtom has ſo run down Wedlock, what remains? but that we ſhould make uſe of the next think to it —— good —— Nay, not but that Vertue is a rare thing, —— Heaven forbid I ſhould detract from that; —— But, I ſay, the main is to be reſpected, a good deal of Money, there's the point. ——

Iſab. With little or no Reputation, — there's the point.

L. *Cheat.* Money brings Reputation, Fool, or at leaſt puts one into that Condition, that Fellows dare not queſtion it.

L. *Buſy.* Nay Heaven forbid you ſhould loſe that, but I ſay the next thing to Marriage, is being kind to a noble Lord, *&c.* And if good terms be made, and you be well ſettled in the World.

Iſab. That would be to be ſettled out of the World: for I ſhould never dare to ſhew my face again.

L. Cheat. There are as good faces as yours, and better, my nimble Chaps, that are ſhown every day in the Play-houſe, after it, and with the beſt quality too.

L. *Buſy.* Yes, and in the front of Boxes, —— nay, nay, not but that a good Wealthy Marriage is beyond it.

Iſab. A very Comfortable thing, for a Gentlewoman to bring her ſelf into a Condition of never converſing with a Woman of Quality, who has Wit, and Honour, again; but muſt ſort with thoſe Tawdry painted things of the Town.

Gart. Can't you keep Company with my Mother and me.

L. *Buſy.* Look you Madam, you are under a great miſtake, for do not Ladies of Wit and Honour, keep dayly Company with thoſe things as you call them? But de'e conceive me, the fineſt things,—— the gayeſt things,—— and ſome the richeſt things, I ſay no more, I pray conceive me, as long as you are true to one Man, Madam, you are in a manner his Lady, I ſay in a manner his Lady, 'tis a kind of Marriage, and great Perſons moſt commonly cohabit longer with Miſtreſſes, than they uſed to do with Wives.

L. *Cheat.* My Lady ſays right, 'tis, now adays, more like Marriage than Marriage it ſelf.

Gart. Oh Siſter! do what my Lady ſays, ſhe's a rare perſon.

L. *Buſy.* A Thouſand pound, and three Hundred pound *per Annum*, ſay we bring him to four Hundred pound, good —— a great Lord —— that is in the way to prefer you, very good —— or may be, may like you ſo well, as to own you—beſt of all; conſider, 'tis enough, Madam, at once, let her ruminate upon this.

Gart. O Lord, pray Siſter do; why, we ſhall be all made, prithee do.

Iſab. Go you to your Mr. *Maggot* that Dyes, and makes Songs for you.

Gart. No, I'l ſwear he's a fine witty perſon, but he has ſuch a greivous face, I can't abide it; but there's Mr. *Selfiſh* is the moſt gentile, well-bred Gentleman, and has the fineſt ways among Ladies; he will tell you ſuch pretty things of himſelf, he talks of himſelf always ſo prettily, and ſays ſuch neat, gentile, well-bred things to one.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, ſome Gentlemen are coming in.

L. *Cheat.* Bid the Scriveners and the reſt of the people come in, Daughters go, and walk in the Garden: I hope your Ladiſhip will pardon me, this Money-buſineſs muſt be minded.

[Exeunt *Daughters.*

L. *Buſy.* By all means, Madam: I'l go make a Viſit; your Servant.

[Exit L. *Buſy.*

Enter Scriveners, *and ſeveral others.*

Scriv. I have brought the Mortgage, and the Mortgager is here ready to ſeal, upon the payment of the within named Sum.

L. *Cheat.*

L. Cheat. Has my Councel peruſed it?

Councel. Yes, and find it to be very well drawn.

L. *Cheat.* Let me read it.

Enter Stanmore, Bellamour, Carlos *and* Maggot.

Steward. The Company is come.

L. *Cheat.* Peace, I ſee 'em.

Mag. Look you, did I not tell you, ſhe's always thus buſie; I warrant upon a Mortgage, or a Purchaſe; ſhe's a vaſt Fortune, I know where her Money lies, and in what hands; ſhe has a vaſt deal, do not interrupt her, you ſhall hear.

Bell. Then you know all?

Mag. Know all, ay why, Sir *William*, her late Husband, was my intimate friend: Know, why, I hired this Houſe, and bought all the Furniture for her; her Daughters will be worth ten Thouſand pound apeice, at leaſt, to my knowledge.

Stan. This Fellow will outly any Traveller.

Mag. I knew her Father as well as any man in the World; know, why, I know all.

Carl. This Lady muſt be a Cheat, by doing her buſineſs ſo publickly.

Mag. Mr. *Carlos*, I knew your Father as well as any man in *England*: honeſt *James*, his Keeper! I have had many a Buck of him.

Bell. Did you know my Father?

Mag. Did I? no fleſh alive better, I did more for him, than any man in *England*, I was a Father to him.

Bell. Ay! then you are my Grandfather; but how were you a Father to him?

Mag. How? Why I gave him his ſecond Wife.

Councel reads. To have and to hold.

L. Cheat. 'Tis very well; five thouſand pound is the ſum; Steward, pay him the Money, and take the Writings.

Mag. Look you there, did not I tell you?

1 *Citizen.* Well, She's a rare Woman at Buſineſs.

2 *Citizen.* As ever I ſaw.

Stew. Here are the two Gentlemen I ſpoke of, who humbly deſire to place ſome Money in your Ladyſhips hands.

L. Cheat. I do not love to meddle with other People's Money, you know; beſides, I ſhall have no occaſion. I have a great ſum to be paid in within this Fortnight.

Stew. I know it, Madam, but if a Purchaſe ſhould be offered in the mean time.

1 *Citiz.* I beſeech your Ladyſhip, take our Money, we have been ſo cheated by baſe Goldſmiths, we are afraid to truſt any body but your Ladyſhip.

L. Cheat. I do not love to ſtand charged for other People's Money. Oh me Gentlemen! I was ſo buſie I did not ſee you, you have not waited long, I hope; pray forgive my Rudeneſs.

Bell. The Rudeneſs is on our ſide, to intrude into your Ladyſhips Privacies.

L. Cheat. By no means; you do me Honour.

Stan. Madam, We take the liberty to preſent Mr. *Carlos*, a Friend of ours, lately come out of *France*, to your Ladyſhip?

L. Cheat. Sir, I have heard of your Noble Family, and you'll honour mine in your acquaintance with it. Sweet Mr. *Maggot*; your Servant: Gentlemen, Have but a little patience, till I have diſpatch'd ſome Buſineſs, and I'll wait on you.

Mag. God, She's the fineſt Perſon in the World, and a vaſt Fortune; I wou'd my ungracious Nephew had one of her Daughters.

Enter Prigg.

Prigg. Madam, Your moſt humble Servant.

L. Cheat. Your Servant, ſweet Mr. *Prigg.*

Prigg. Sweet Mr. *Prigg*! good; Matters go on well: Come, Gentlemen, ſince my Lady's buſie, let's go to *Langtriloo*, or *Ombre*.

Carl. Is there no way of ſpending our time but playing?

Prigg. None ſo good: Why what a Pox ſhould one do?

Carl. Read; it is a manly Diverſion.

Prigg. Read? So I have read *Markham*, *The Compleat Farrier*, and two or three Books about *Horſes*; a Book that's written about *Ombre*, and that about *Picket*; and for other Books, Pox there's nothing in 'em at all: What think you, *Bellamore*?

Bell. You are in the Right.

Prigg. Look you there, there's nothing in 'em, hah.

Stan. Methinks Diſcourſe is a pretty good way of paſſing ones time.

Prigg. Gad, So it is: I talk as much as any Man in *England*, my Tongue ſeldom lyes ſtill; Oh! I love Diſcourſe mightily; and though I ſay it, I am able to run down all I meet about Dogs and Horſes. Now I think on't, Have you ever hunted with my Lord, *Squande'rs* Fox-Dogs, *Bellamore*?

Prig.

Bell. No: Now he's in.

Prigg. They are the beſt in *England*; but there is one Dog we call *Ranter*, I Chriſtned him, I was his God-Father; he was gotten upon my Lord's famous Bitch-Lady; you remember what a Bitch ſhe was; Oh poor *Lady*! I was not ſorryer when my Siſter died, than when poor *Lady* died. But let that paſs; *Ranter* was gotten by your Father's Dog, *Rockwood*.

Bell. Did you know *Rockwood*?

Prigg. Know him? As well as any Man in the World; his Father was a Dog of my Father's, called *Jowler*; his Mother was my Noble Lord *Squanders* Father's famous Bitch-*Venus*, which you have heard of: I remember, Mr. *Carlos Venus* was Siſter to your Father's Dog *Ringwood*; *Rockwood*? I knew him as well as I knew your Father, well reſt their Souls of a Dog and a Man, I ſhall never ſee two better in the Field than *Rockwood* and your Father.

Carl. How the Rogue has coupled them.

Prigg. Yet *Ranter*'s an admirable Dog, the beſt at a cold Scent that ever I ſaw; if there be forty Couple in the Field, I'll hold an hundred pound he works it out ſooneſt, and leads 'em all when he has done. I love and honour *Ranter*, I care not who knows it; I made a Song of him, have his Picture by my Bed-ſide, and ſome of his Hair here in a cryſtal Locket.

Mag. I beſeech your Ladyſhip, Accept of my thouſand pound, 'twill make up the Money for that Purchaſe, ſweet Madam.

L. *Cheat.* Well, Sir, Since you will have it ſo, I'll give my Bond for it.

Mag. Oh Madam! I ſcorn it, I'll have nothing under Hand for it.

L. *Cheat.* Then I will not take it; nay, I have ſworn firſt.

Mag. Well, I'll go and fetch it, and your Ladyſhip and I will agree upon that. [*Ex.* Maggot.

Prigg. Ha! The young Ladies are in the Garden.

Bell. Say you ſo? Prithee let's ſteal down to 'em.

Prigg. Do, and leave me with the Widow. [*Ex.* Bell. Stan. Carl.

L. *Cheat.* Steward, Do you take care of all the reſt, while I retire from (what I do not care for) Buſineſs. Now I am at leiſure; Are the Gentlemen gone?

Prigg. They are gone but into the Garden, and will wait on your Ladyſhip preſently. They have left me that happy opportunity I wiſh'd for, to renew the Suit I have ſo often made to your Ladyſhip; I be-

I beſeech you, Madam, be pleas'd to conſider my Paſſion, which is ſo violent to your Ladyſhip, I cannot reſt ſince firſt I ſaw your Ladyſhip; for it has indeed put me beſides my ſelf. I have not the heart to ride ſo much as one heat at *New-Market* ſince, and I uſed to go once in ten days down on purpoſe; nor have I been able to ride a Fox-Chaſe, ſince I have had your Ladyſhip in chace; I ſhall be undone, if your La'ſhip don't quiet my mind with ſome aſſurances: I over-ſee at *Trick track*, dealt my ſelf ten at *Ombre*, and all through my Paſſion for your dear Self.

L. Cheat. Sir, Though I have a great eſteem for your Perſon, yet we Widows that have ſome Fortune, are to conſider ſomething beſides Paſſion.

Prigg. As I have told you before, my Eſtate is not inconſiderable, beſides the great Favour I have with the Gameing and Jocky Lords; and beſides, if the King frequents *New-Market*, I doubt not but in a ſhort time to Riſe.

L. Cheat. But you are a Gameſter.

Prigg. Ay Madam, but I never Play, I do but Rook.

L. Cheat. Rook? What's that? Cheat?

Prigg. No, Madam, I go to Twelve, and the better of the Lay; beſides, I get five hundred pound a year at Horſe-Races, and Cock-Matches, by being in fee with the Grooms, and Cock-keepers; and, Madam, I play as well at *Tennis*, *Ombre*, *Back-gammon*, *Trick track*, and *Crimp*, as any Man, which is no ſmall addition to my Eſtate. I gave you theſe things in my particular, if your Ladyſhip pleaſe to remember.

L. Cheat. But you cannot make a Joynture of theſe things, and therefore I muſt conſider a little longer.

Prigg. With all my heart, Madam; but in the mean time let you and I play a Set at *Trick track*, and when the reſt come in, we'll make a Match at *Ombre*.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam; There are ſome Tenants wait without to ſpeak with you.

L. *Cheat.* You'll pardon me, I muſt go to 'em. [*Ex.* L. Cheatly.

Prigg. Come on, Mr. *Steward*, what ſay you to a Game at *Back-gammon*?

Stew. If you'll retire to my Chamber, have at you.

Prigg. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Theodosia, Isabella, Bellamour, Carlos, Stanmore.

Carlos. Who's there, the Lady *Pleasant's* Daughter, *Theodosia?*

Bell. It is: She's young and handsom, has a great deal of Wit, and a very good Fortune, which makes her set up for Marriage, and is impregnable to any thing else.

Carl. She's extream pretty; I lov'd her violently, before I went into *Faance*, but now she's a Thousand times more Beautiful.

Stanm. Ladies, your humble Servant.

Bell. A Gentleman, a friend of ours, lately come out of *France*.

[*He salutes* 'em.

Carl. And glad I am so, for all that Nation could not shew me so much Beauty.

Theod. I see, Sir, you have not been in *France* for nothing; you have imported *French* goods, I mean Compliments, they are a Nation full of Complimenters.

Carl. They are so, Madam; and the Taylor does it full as well as the Gentleman, 'tis a Road of speaking which all of 'em have, I was not dull enough to get it of 'em, nor would I bring so common a thing as a Compliment to you, Madam.

Theod. You can bring it to no Body that dislikes it more.

Carl. Or needs it less.

Theod. Thus have I heard of a very Rhetorical Oration against Eloquence.

Enter Gartrude.

Gart. O Lord, Mr. *Stanmore*, here. [*runs out.*

Bell. Run *Stanmore*, your business is more than half done; 'tis a certain sign, when a Woman seeks Corners, that she means some good by it.

Stanm. I'l try that. [Ex. *Stanmore.*

Bell. I see my friend's caught again, for all his Travel; I have a fellow-feeling of his Case, let's retire and give him opportunity.

Isab. With all my heart, opportunity is safe in the begining of an Amour, though it may be dangerous afterwards. [*They retire.*

Theod. I hear never a *French* word from you, and that's strange: for all our Sparks are so refined, they scarce speak a sentence without one; and though they seldome arrive at good *French*, yet they get enough to spoil their *English*.

Carl. If a man means nothing, he cannot chuse a better Language; for it makes a pretty noise, without any manner of thought.

Theod.

Theod. You have ſcarce brought one ſubſtantial Vanitie over with you, what have you learnt there?

Carl. To love my own Countrey, and to think that none can ſhow us ſo fine Women; in *France* they buy their Beauty, and ſell their Love.

Theod. That Faſhion is coming up apace here.

Carl. True Beauty, Madam, can no more be bought than true Love; in me behold the one, while I admire the other in your ſelf.

Theod. How many *French* Ladies have you ſaid as much to?

Carl. I went thither to be cured of Love, not to make it.

Theod. What Love?

Carl. My love of you, which began ſo early in my Heart, ſelf-love was ſcarce before it. When your diſdain could not remove it; I tried abſence, but in vain too.

Theod. Tis impoſſible you could bring a Heart unhurt from *France*.

Carl. My Love to you preſerved me from all Foreign Invaſion.

Theod. If you make Love, you'l grow dull, it ſpoils a man of Wit, as much as Buſineſs.

Carl. If Love be predominant in Converſation, I confeſs it, but a little reliſh of it does well.

Theod. The imitation of it may be borne, but the thing its ſelf is a dead weight upon the mind; and a man can no more pleaſe under that diſadvantage, than a Horſe can run a Race with a pair of Panniers on his Back.

Carl. And yet that Horſe may do it, if the match be well made.

Theod. I muſt have my Servant all Wit, all Gaiety, and the Ladies of the Town run mad for him: I would not only triumph over him, but over my whole Sex in him.

Carl. This is hard Doctrine for a man of my ſincerity and truth in Love.

Theod. Make *Iſabella* ſlight *Bellamour*, little *Gartrude* ſacrifice *Selfiſh*: Be the third word in every Ladies mouth, from fifteen to five and thirty; and you ſhall find what I'l ſay to you.

Carl. To attempt this, were great vanity, and no leſs diſhoneſty, to my friend *Bellamour*.

Theod. If you love, you'l think any thing lawful: This muſt be done, I dare not truſt my own judgment; I will have you in vogue, e're I favour you in the leaſt.

Carl. Well, ſince theſe Ladies are your outworks, I will on, and by

by the force of imagination, make every one *Theodosia*, but if I fail, think on my constant love, which will not suffer me to use deceit.

Theod. Suppose I should answer you in your whining strein, and say, my love were true as yours, my flame as great, and all your wishes mine.

Carl. Then were *Carlos* the happiest man on Earth.

Theod. No, then the Game were up betwixt us, and there were no more to do but to pay the stakes, and then to something else.

Carl. We might play Set after Set for ever.

Theod. No, one of us would be broke; go get you about your task I say. [Ex. *Carl.* and *Theod.*

Enter Selfish *and* Young Maggot.

Yo. Mag. Did you see how the Ladies flockt about me at Court, when I made a relation of the Rehearsal, and afterwards when I read my Song to 'em.

Self. I think I am as well with the Ladies there as any Man, and they like my Songs too, they say they'r so easie, so gentile, and well bred, and so pat to the Womens understandings: the Men say th'are silly, but they are envious.

Yo. Mag. I'l secure you the Play takes, I have done the Poet's business with the Ladies, who, you know govern the Men, as the Moon does the Sea.

Self. There is a pretty Creature, not past Eighteen, whom I have formerly enjoy'd, has to oblige me, taken upon her the figure of a procurer, and is to bring me a maidenhead anon, which fell in love with me at a Play.

Yo. Mag. But I'l shew you my Song.

Self. Of late I have had no leisure to make a Song, I am so overrun with new Acquaintances.

Yo. Mag. Reads. } *Damon see how charming Chloris*, &c. How do you like it?

Self. 'Tis soft, and very much after my own way, and I like it well. But how like you this Peruque?

Yo. Mag. 'Tis very proper.

Self. I have five as good by me, I have an hundred pound I got at *Ombre*, Mr. *Whimsey* ows me two hundred, I have a Pad or two, and when I get this debt in, I will buy a Chariot, and perhaps have as good Equipage as any Man, if I can get an hundred pound Sir *Nicholas Whachum* ows me; I only want a couple of Hunters for *Windsor*, and then.

Yo. Mag. You don't mind my Song, 'tis to my Miſtreſs.

Self. Yes, but I was ſaying, now I am at eaſe in my Fortune till next *Michlemas.*

Yo. Mag. But to go on.

Self. I have lately got ſuch a Conqueſt over a Lady, the prettieſt Creature, I ſnatch'd a Roſe from her ſoft Boſom, ſhe is of quality, all the Town were mad after her, and ſhe threw her ſelf into my Arms, and I am the happy Man.

Yo. Mag. Well, to be in love is the greateſt pleaſure in the World, it makes one ſo ſweetly Malancholly, and Compoſed, and ſo fit to write; beſides, it keeps one in ſhape.

Self. I have not much occaſion for Love, the Ladies follow me and love me ſo, I have no time for't, why, I have had three Maiden-heads this week.

Yo. Mag. I would not be without love, and writing, for all the World; I had a Billet from the prettieſt Creature of Sixteen to Day, I'l tell you.

Enter Carlos, Bellamore, Theodoſia *and* Iſabella.

Yo. Mag. I have an Amour.

Self. I.

Yo. Mag. I.

Self. I.

Yo. Mag. I.

Self. This Fellow is always talking of himſelf, one can't ſpeak to him, bus he is always at I, I. I wonder at the impertinence of ſuch people.

Theod. Theſe Fools are always talking of themſelves.

Iſab. They are the worſt things they can talk of.

Carl. Or we either; therefore, Madam, hear me on the laſt Subject.

Theod. That's as bad.

Bell. He went a Mile to put on that fair Peruque, for the ſake of his Complexion.

Theod. Prithee *Iſabella* let's find fault with 'em both, and break his heart.

Enter Stanmore *and* Gartrude.

Gert. Fy upon you Mr. *Stanmore*; I'l ne're come near you agen, if you uſe me ſo, you nothing but kiſs one, and ruffle one, and ſpoils one things, that you do.

Stan. Why are you ſo pretty then, to provoke a man beyond all patience?

Gart.

Gert. Why, how do *I* provoke you? *I* have done nothing to anger you, have *I*?

Bell. What are you fallen out with your Miſtreſs?

Stan. No, but ſince ſhe's inſenſible of all, *I* can ſpeak to her, and yet ſo pretty, *I* cannot but love her; if words won't move her, actions muſt.

Self. Oh! here are the Ladies; now you ſhall ſee what Advances they will make to me, but eſpecially *Gartrude*, that pretty Creature.

Yo. Mag. This is a very conceited Fellow, and wou'd call a Gypſee that lik'd him, pretty Creature.

Self. Ladies, your moſt humble Servant; now you ſhall ſee *Maggot*, dear pretty Creature, let me kiſs that Noſegay; well, 'tis a Thouſand times ſweeter in that pretty Boſom, than in its own Bed, though at the Sun riſing, when the Morning Dew is in drops upon it, ſweet Madam, let me kiſs that hand that gather'd it.

Gart. Oh fine, what rare words are theſe! He uſes me like a Princeſs: Sir, 'tis more your goodneſs, then my deſert. Siſter, this is a rare man, Mr. *Stanmore* is a Wit they ſay, but *I* don't underſtand him half ſo well, *I* always think they Jeer one.

Iſab. Indeed 'tis a hard thing for Wit to deſcend to your Capacity.

Self. *I* was with ſome Ladies laſt Night did ſo commend you, and ſaid you were the moſt delicate Creature; they did me the favour to ſay your Eyes were black, and ſparkling like mine, and your Noſe very much reſembling mine, and that you have a pretty pouting about the mouth like me, and fine little blub-lips, *I* am very well with the Ladies at Court, but *I* ſee none like you.

Stan. Do you know *I* love that Lady?

Self. If you do, *I* pitty you, ſhe is otherwiſe engaged to my knowledge. *Enter* Prigg.

Prig. Come, faith, ſince we are all together, let's go to *Ombre*, two Companies, and make an Afternoon on't.

Yo. Mag. I deſire you will not interrupt me; I am ſinging the Ladies a new Song.

Prig. Song? Piſh, Is not Gaming better than hearing of Songs? here's ſuch a ſtir with theſe Wits.

Iſab. No, pray let's hear it. [*Yo. Mag.* Sings, *Damon*, &c.

Prig. I obſerve you Wits are always making Songs of the Love of Shepherds, and Shepherdeſſes, a company of block-headed, clown-

iſh, ugly, tawny, Sun-burnt People; I had e'en as live hear Songs upon the Love of their Sheep as their own.

Car. I ſee theſe Fools need no body to ſhew 'em, they ſhew themſelves well enough.

Prig. Methinks that old Song is very pretty: *My Miſtreſs is a Tennis Ball*, &c.

Yo. Mag. This Rogue has nothing but Tennis-Courts and Bowling-Greens in his Head.

Bell. Prithee *Prigg* ſing one of your own making.

Prig. With all my heart.

Enter Lady Cheatly.

L. *Cheat.* Mrs. *Theodoſia*, your humble Servant: Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon me, I could not neglect Buſineſs; I think one had better be poor, than be troubled with Money thus: But if you pleaſe to walk in, there's a ſmall Banquet waits, and Fiddles, to dance, if you pleaſe.

Iſab. Pray, Madam, let's hear Mr. *Prigg*'s Song firſt, 'tis his own.

Prig. I am glad your Ladyſhip is come to hear it. [*Sings.*

Hey ho, hey ho,
The merry Horn does blow.
'Tis broad day,
Come away.
Twivee, twivee, twivee, hey,
Do not ſtay.
Then have at the Hare,
Let old Puſs beware.
Twivee, twivee, twivee, ho,
The merry Horn does blow.
Come away.

Yo. Mag. What a happy thing 'tis to have Wit.

Prig. Hang Wit, give me Mirth. This is a Catch that I made, and my Lord *Squander* and I always roar it out after a Fox-Chaſe; Pox, I hate your Swains and your Nymphs.

Sel. Do they wear Breeches thus cut in *France*?

Car. Yes, Sir.

Sel. What Blockheads are our *Engliſh* Taylors; I muſt have ſome new Cloaths made immediately in this Faſhion, I cannot reſt till I beſpeak 'em.

Iſab.

Isab. Pray, Madam, joyn with us, we shall have very good sport. Are you well, Mr. *Selfish*? Sure you are not, I never saw you look so ill before.

Theod. He looks extream ill; your Complexion seems tohav e too much of the Olive in it to day.

Sel. Pardon me, Ladies, I think my Complexion is well enough, or my Glass is false, I never lookt clearer.

Car. That Trimming too, with your favour, is very dis-agreeable, and does not cohere with your Complexion at all.

Sel. I assure you, Sir, all the Ladies I saw to day, are of another opinion, they said, my Complexion was much like pretty Mrs. *Gartrudes* here.

L. Cheat. Methinks you look mighty lean and thin, I fear you are going into a Consumption, Sir.

Sel. Oh no, Madam! I am very plump, I am only afraid of being too gross, and bellying; I am very fat, I assure your Ladyship, pray feel my Ribs, Madam.

Prig. They laugh at him. The Devil take me, I never saw a Fellow so altered in my life; thou canst not live long, thou smell'st of Earth, foh.

Sel. You mistake, I am one of the vigourest Fellows, the strongest Bodies in *England*; I was taken for Mr. *Carlos* to day at a little distance.

Bell. Prithee *Selfish* do not play the fool with thy self, get a Physician, *I* never saw your Complexion so sallow, thou look'st prodigiously ill.

Sel. Good Sir, *I* know what *I* am; my Cheeks are as plump, and my Complexion as fresh as any here, my Eyes and Mouth as chearful, and every thing.

Car. Nothing will mortifie the Rogue; he thinks so well of *Selfish*, that he thinks *Selfish* can never look ill, nor be ill, *I* believe he thinks *Selfish* can never die.

Sel. *I* have a Face that will not alter, if *I* were a dying, 'twould look well; indeed my Complexion changes sometimes, but never looks ill, *I* assure you.

Gart. *I* wonder you should be so mistaken all, methinks he looks very neatly.

Bell. This is a damn'd Perrucque, why did you put it on to day?

Car. But indeed that Suit is an odious thing, and the Trimming the worst *I* ever saw; 'tis your Taylor's fancy, it becomes you very ill.

Sel.

Sel. Methinks it is very pretty, *I* think they are all out of their wits.

L. Cheat. 'Tis enough, we shall make the man hang himself.

Y. Mag. Do you think I'll suffer you for ever to cross me with your damn'd insipid Songs? let me tell you, it is a grand impertinance.

Prig. Gad, I do not know what you mean by your Gibberish. but I suppose you call me impertinent, and therefore I'll be before-hand with you, you are a Son of a Whore. [*gives Y. Mag a box on the Ear.*

Sel. I will wait upon the Ladies. [*They draw, the Ladies run out shricking.*

Bell. Hold, hold.

Carl. Let 'em alone, if you offer to part 'em, they'll hurt one another.

Y. Mag. *I* ll not be *Brutal*, you shall answer for it; Sir, you are lately come out of *France*, and cannot deny a Man of Honour your assistance.

Prig. Prithee *Stanmore* be my Second, *I*'ll wit him with a Pox to him.

Y. Mag. To morrow morning, done.

Prig. Let my Second appoint the place.

Y. Mag. With all my heart; Monsieur *Carlos* agree with him.

Stan. Come, let's in, and put it off to the Ladies as if you were friends.

Prig. Ay, with all my heart; what care *I*?

Y. Mag. Morbleau, *Brutal.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

Enter La. Cheatly, Carlos, Bellamore, Stanmore, Isabella, Theodosia, Gartrude, La. Busy, Young Maggot, Selfish, Prigg, Maggot, Lump.

Lump. LAdy Sister, *I* am much offended to see you take this course of Vanity; would any wise Woman make use of Fidlers, Minstrels and Singers? *I* am very much ashamed of it; it is folly, great folly, not becoming the blood of the *Lumps*.

Isab.

Isab. Lets withdraw, we shall have a Lesson from this formal Uncle. [*Ex. all but* L. Cheat. Lump, Prigg, *and* Old Maggot.

Gart. I can't abide him.

Lump. What pleasure can there be to hear Fellows scrape upon Cats-guts? There's nothing in't.

L. Cheat. 'Tis the way to get credit at our end of the Town, as singing Psalms, and praying loud in a fore-Room, is at yours.

Lump. You talk not wisely; do not several godly men by those means, and by frequenting Meetings, get credit enough to break for a hundred thousand pound, and are made by it for ever.

Mag. He is one of the wisest men of the Nation, he is a mighty sober, solid Fellow, and a rare man at business, and loves business mightily.

Lump. And for the Wits that come hither, I doubt not but these Gentlemen are of my opinion; I say, they are dangerous, scandalous, and good for nothing.

Mag. 'Tis true, Madam, they are a company of flashy, frothy Fellows, and have no solidity in them.

L. Cheat. I find these Coxcombs mistake dulness for solidity. [*aside.*

Prig. They talk of Wit, and this and that, and keep a Coyl and a Pother about Wit, there's nothing at all in't, what a Pox is't good for? I would not give a farthing for Wit; here's *Young Maggot*, and *Selfish*, why they don't know how to bett at a Horse-Race, or make a good Match at Tennis, and are cross-bitten at Bowls; hang Wit.

Mag. Wit is one of the Grievances of the Nation.

Lump. It is, as this Gentleman has wisely observ'd, a Grievance, a fore Grievance, and I would have an Act of Parliament against it.

Mag. Let me take a Wit at Business, see how I'll handle him, *I* would not be a Wit for all the World.

Prig. Nor *I* neither, *I* hate it, they are a company of fleering, jeering, ill-natur'd Fellows to boot too.

L. Cheat. Be comforted, Gentlemen, you are in no danger.

Lump. *I* say they are in danger, and you too, of catching it, if you suffer them to come amongst ye; *I* have known solid men, by keeping that base company, become Witty, and have ruin'd themselves; for my own part, *I* would as soon catch the Plague, as that Disease of Wit.

L. Cheat. Oh Brother! you have a strong Antidote against it.

Lump. Thanks be to Heaven, *I* have Wits! out upon 'em; they write Satyrs upon good men, and will laugh at wise men.

L. Cheat.

L.Cheat. Why truly, Brother, ſometimes wiſe men will provoke 'em very much.

Lump. You are i'th wrong.

Enter Steward.

Steward. Here is your Scrivener, Mr. *Lump*, and ſeveral others met, upon Money-buſineſs.

Lump. I ordered mine to come to you; I have four thouſand pound paid in this day, which you may uſe; I will leave my Scrivener to take your Aſſignments, either of Bonds, Judgments, or Mortgages, as it ſhall happen to be diſpos'd by you.

L.Cheat. But will the Scrivener be true, and publiſh it to be my Money?

Lump. I warrant you, he's a godly Man, and you may truſt him, he has contributed more to your Fame than any one; I my ſelf have brought in *Ananias*, and he will ſend Money to you, to put out for him. 'Tis near four, I muſt be gone; though haſt does not become a wiſe man, yet at the preſent I have ſome upon me.

L.Cheat. The haſt of a Fool is the ſloweſt thing in the World.

Lump. It is my hour of Walking.

L.Cheat. Will you not ſtay and take the Aſſignments?

Lump. I will not break my Method for the World; I have theſe twenty years walk't through *Turn-ſtile* Alley to *Holborn* Fields at Four, all the good Women obſerve me, and ſet their Bread into the Oven by me, and by no other Clock; when I go by, I hear 'em call, Carry the Bread to the Oven, the old Gentleman is going by; I do love to be taken notice of for my Method. Farewel. [*Ex.*Lump.

L.Cheat. Let's into the Garden. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Bell. *and* Iſab.

Bell. By Heaven, I love thee more than light or liberty, joy of my heart.

Iſab. Such hearts as yours are ſeldom near their mouthes.

Bell. A kiſs of this fair hand will bring mine thither; 'tis there, but if it were your lips, where would it be?

Iſab. Raptures in Love have no more meaning in 'em than Rants in Poetry, meer Fuſtian; 'tis the ſtum of Love that makes it fret and fume, and fly, and never good.

Bell. Can a young Lady in ſo warm an Age be inſenſible of Love?

Iſab. A vertuous Woman is ever inſenſible of ſuch a Love as is unfit for her; but you Sparks, like Wolves, after many battels, by often preying upon Carkaſſes, come at laſt to venture upon the living:

ving: modeſt or not, 'tis all one to you, you are ſo well fleſht.

Bell. Not ſo, Madam; I know my duty and your worth, and would time ſtand ſtill, I could be content to gaze upon that face, and not tempt you; but our Love is frail, and we muſt take our pleaſures while we may.

Iſab. I muſt conſider while I may, and on the ſhore think on the ruines of a ſhipwrackt Fame.

Bell. We ſhall never reach Love's *Indies*, if we fear tempeſts already.

Iſab. Think not to conquer me by dint of Simile, I'll never venture the pain and peril of ſuch a bold Voyage.

Bell. As tender Barks make it daily, and return home richly fraught, keep Coaches, and live ſplendidly the reſt of their lives.

Iſab. Infamouſly rather.

Bell. I know not that; but they have their days of Viſiting, play at Ombre, make Treats as high and as often as the Perſons of Quality, wear as good cloaths, and want no faſhionable Folly that Woman's heart can wiſh for, and of all ſuch my *Iſabella* ſhall ride Admiral.

Iſab. Can you pretend to love, and tempt me from my Honour? Coaches and Cloaths! ſo Rogues will rob, to live like Gentlemen.

Bell. 'Tis no diſhonour, cuſtom has made it otherwiſe.

Iſab. When a Man of Honour can turn Coward, you may prevail on me; the caſe is equal.

Bell. On the contrary, Kindneſs in Women is like Courage in Men.

Iſab. Did not the general licence of the time excuſe you, I ne'r would ſee you more.

Bell. What will nothing down, but to have and to hold? I'll marry no body elſe, and when my inclination dies, leave you its wealthy Widow, you may marry after it.

Iſab. I'll bring no infamy, where I bring my perſon.

Bell. This coldneſs inflames me more: conſent to my deſires, and none of all the Ladies ſhall outſhine, no Equipage exceed yours.

Iſab. And I the while ſhall be but a part of your Equipage, to be kept; what is it but to wear your Livery, and take Board-wages?

Bell. I love you well enough to marry you, but dare not put my ſelf into your hands, knowing what a Jade I am at a long Journey.

Iſab. If you ever loved, you can never hate, and I can be content where I have had the beſt, to keep the reſt, and if you love me leſs, ſhall lay the fault on Nature, not on you.

Bell. It goes more againſt a man's heart to fall in his Love, than his Expence, and they that do either, moſt commonly remove for it,

there is no enduring it in the ſame place. Think on my Love, my Fortune ſhall be yours.

Iſab. I ſcorn a Fortune, with the ruine of my Honour.

Bell. It is but heading with another ſort of People, leaving the melancholy hypocrites for the gay chearful ſinners, the envious for the envyed.

Iſab. Theſe tales may catch unheedful ſilly Creatures, whom Nature half debauches to your hands; but for my ſelf I ſwear.

[La. Buſy *appears to 'em.*

La. Buſ. Swear not, ungracious Child, I have heard all your Diſcourſe; the Gentleman is a fine Gentleman, and his propoſals are as reaſonable as any Lady can wiſh for; every man cannot bring himſelf to marry, and yet may love better and longer than thoſe that do.

Bell. Right, Madam: this is an unexpected aſſiſtance.

La. Buſ. There's Mr. *Maggot* kept Mrs. *Wagtail*, after the whole Town had done with her, and loves her very well ſtill; nay, ſome have not grutch'd to ſpend ten thouſand pounds upon a Miſtreſs, though they have ſtarv'd their Wives and Children.

Iſab. Have you fee'd this Lady to plead for you, or is it the baſeneſs of her own Nature?

La. Buſ. Is my Charity thus rewarded? my Honour queſtion'd I that am companion to the Ladies of the beſt quality, the jealouſeſt Lord thinks his Lady ſafe in my company, my Honour is dearer to me than all the World, and but for endeavouring to have you well ſettled in the World, as I have my Daughters, do I deſerve this?

Iſab. She is as ſilly as ſhe's naught; when you ſee me next, bring nobler thoughts and better purpoſes. And ſo farewel. [*Ex.* Iſabella.

Bell. What a Devil ſhall I do? She's vertuous, and fit enough for a Wife; Ounds, how that word makes me ſtart? but all this may be a copy of her countenance, there may be Huffs in vertue as well as courage.

La. Buſ. I hope, Sir, you'll not conceive amiſs for what ſhe ſays.

Bell. No, Madam: Pox on this Bawd, I love the treaſon, but I hate the traytor. [*Ex.* La. Buſ. *and* Bellamore.

Enter Stanmore.

Stan. Your humble Servant, Madam; has your Ladyſhip had the goodneſs to mind my Affair?

L. Buſy. I have, Sir; I ſee her coming, retire, and let me alone. Come pretty Mrs. *Gutty*,

Enter

Enter Mrs. Gartrude.

Gart. Your Servant, Madam.

L. Buſy. Thou art a pretty Creature, ah! 'twould do a man good to lye by ſuch fleſh and blood as thou art; all the matter is to chuſe a good Bedfellow, and for that truſt me; there is the prettieſt man, and the fineſt Gentleman not far off.—

Gart. Ay, ſo there is really; Mr. *Selfiſh* is the fineſt perſon, ſo civil, and well bred, and is very ingenious too, I vow 'twould do one good to have ſuch a Bedfellow.

L. Buſy. You are out, 'tis Mr. *Stanmore* is the Man, and will make a good Settlement, go to, which the other cannot.

Gart. He is a fine Gentleman indeed, but really I don't care for a Wit, I do not know what to ſay before 'em; but I can talk with Mr. *Selfiſh* all the day long, oh! he does tell ſuch pretty Stories of himſelf! he is a very fair ſpoken man, and I'll ſwear he is the pureſt company for a Lady that ever was, and ſo handſom.

L. Buſy. Not comparable to *Stanmore*.

Gart. Oh Gemini! that your Ladyſhip ſhould ſay ſo.

L. Buſy. I have experience in the World, I know what I ſay, your Lady Mother has deſired me to take care to put you into the World: youth is indiſcreet and unwary, truſt us, and 'twill be your own another day; I ſay, Mr. *Stanmore* will ſettle ten times more upon you than the other is worth.

Gart. But really, Madam, *I* muſt confeſs *I* don't love a Wit, they ſay they are not good natur'd, and they don't admire one half ſo much as others do neither.

L. Buſy. Come, come, Madam, if a Wit will keep, he will ſerve as well as a Fool (let 'em ſay what they will) and you have a way to be too hard for the beſt of 'em for all their Wits.

Enter Selfiſh.

Gart. Oh Lord, here he is! *I* wonder you ſhould ſay Mr. *Stanmore* is as handſom as he; well, he's a lovely Man.

Self. Ladies, *I* kiſs both your hands; methinks *I* ſee the freſhneſs of the Spring in one, and the fruitfulneſs of the Autumn in the other.

Gart. Oh rare, what a ſaying that is, and ſo like a Gentleman!

[Stanmore *enters.*

Stan. Now 'tis time to ſpeak for my ſelf; ſhe is very pretty, but why ſhould *I* love a Fool, that loves a Fool? *I* ſee *I* am a deviliſh carnal Fellow, and mind nothing but the Body.

L.Busy. I'll steal out to my Lady, and leave you, we have business of consequence. [*Ex.*L.Busy.

Stan. Madam, your humble Servant.

Self. Mr. *Stanmore*, your Servant; were you not at the Audience this Afternoon?

Stan. No, Sir.

Self. Indeed *I* have committed a great fault, to wait upon these Ladies, when the Court was to appear in all the splendor it could be, with all the well-drest and well-bred men about it, and *I* was not there; *I* wish it be not taken ill.

Stan. O Vanity, vanity!

Self. *I* know *I* was miss't, and ask't for there, but *I* can mind nothing when Ladies are in the way, especially such pretty Creatures as Mrs. *Gatty*.

Gart. You are pleas'd to say so.

Stan. Well, my dear little one, *I* am resolv'd to be reveng'd upon this Beauty of yours, for making me so mad in Love with you.

Gart. Why, what will you do with it?

Stan. *I'll* have no mercy on't, *I'll* never spare it, faith, you shan't think to make me in Love with you for nothing.

Self. I shall have a new Suit come home to morrow morning, in Mr. *Carlos* his fashion; but I assure you 'tis something better fancied, both for the Colour and the Garniture.

Gart. Really, Sir, methinks Mr. *Selfish* is the prettiest modish person, and so gentile, is not he?

Stan. S'heart, what an entertainment is this to me, that I should love such a thing? don't mistake him, he is an Ass, I assure you.

Gart. Oh Lord, that you should say so now! he does every thing so like a Gentleman, as my Lady *Busy* says, and is so well-bred.

Stan. Well bred? hang him, he is a finical Clown, he has not breeding enough for a *Valet de Chambre*.

Gart. What a strange man are you? well, you Wits never speak well of one another, I vow.

Stan. Ounds, what a pretty Fool she is? but I am vigorous still, her folly cannot thrust me off, so much as her beauty pulls me to.

Self. I am going to buy me a pretty convenient Coach, what Colour do you fancy, dear Mrs. *Gatty*? I think Purple will suit best with my Complexion.

Gart. O yes, Purple will be very pretty.

Self. Nay, I'll say that for my self, my fancy always pleases the Ladies.

Ladies. Pretty Miſs, let me ſee that delicate Busk, I will write a Diſtick upon it, and preſent it to you.

Gart. Pray do.

Self. Let me kiſs that happy Busk, that goes ſo near your lovely body, and that delicate, ſweet, white, ſoft hand that gave it me.

Gart. Well, he's a rare Man, and is ſo full of fine Courtſhip.

Stan. Do you know that I will not ſuffer you to ſmile, and cringe, and play the Monkey here?

Self. I cannot help it; if Ladies will love me, and be affected with my perſon, what is it to me?

Stan. Get you gone, you Coxcomb, I'll endure it no longer.

[*he fillips him, and pulls off his Peruque.*

Gart. Nay, what have you done to poor Mr. *Selfiſh*?

Self. I wonder you ſhould have no more breeding, one would have thought I might have taught you more in this time.

Gart. Pray let me help you, I'll ſet it right again.

Stan. Death and damnation! what's this?

Self. The Devil take me, if I could not find in my heart to ruffle your Cravat, before the Lady, for this outrage of yours.

Stan. Do you hear, Sir? be gone, and leave us, or by Heaven I will cut your Throat.

Self. Well, I cannot be ill bred, though you can, and therefore I take my leave. [*Ex.* Selfiſh.

Gart. Nay, look you now, udds fiddles, what have you done? you have made Mr. *Selfiſh* go away. I'll follow him, that I will.

Enter Lady Cheatly *and* Maggot.

L. Cheat. Do you hear, Minx? be civiller, than I hear you are, to Mr. *Stanmore*, and know, I'll turn you out of my houſe, if you think on *Selfiſh*. Sir, your Servant.

Gart. Oh lack! what does ſhe ſay?

Stan. Nay, I'll follow you. [*Ex.* Gartrude *and* Stanmore.

Mag. Catch her, Man, ſhe'll be a vaſt Fortune, my Lady wallows in money, ſhe knows not what to do with it. But, good Madam, let me humbly petition you to conſider my paſſion, and have ſome regard to my Eſtate, which is a plentiful one. And then, Madam, for buſineſs, you ſee a proof; did you ever ſee a man tell money better than I do; I do all the Ladies buſineſs hereabouts, and great Perſons, *&c.*

L. Cheat. I muſt firſt conſider of reducing my Eſtate into ſome order, before I think of diſpoſing my Perſon.

Magg.

Magg. If any Man ſollicits your buſineſs like me — try me, Madam, I do every thing for the Ladies.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, I have private buſineſs for your Ladyſhip's Ear.

Mag. Your Servant, Madam, I will retire, be pleaſed to conſider me. [*Ex.* Maggot.

Stew. My buſineſs concerns your Ladyſhip and my ſelf ſo nearly, that you muſt pardon me, if I urge it home.

L. Cheat. What means he? [*Aſide.*

Stew. That I have ſerv'd you faithfully, your ſelf can witneſs.

L. Cheat. I can, and I'll reward you largely.

Stew. 'Tis that I ask. Think, Madam, I have in your Service loſt my honeſty, lay'd by my conſcience, and while I contribute to your fraud or others, I muſt not be deceiv'd my ſelf.

L. Cheat. What will he drive at? I am ſorry you ask for what I intended to give you; I did reſolve to give you a thouſand pound.

Stew. Do not I know that all the Bonds you have given to people, and the Aſſignments, and Declarations of Truſt to your Brother, are written with the ink I bought of a great Artiſt, and that within a moneth it will wear out, and nothing will remain but blanks?

L. Cheat. What then? my Husband was cheated of his Eſtate by my Brother, and other Raſcals, and 'tis fit I ſhould take Letters of Repriſal.

Stew. No doubt. Your Bonds you have taken from others are written with ink *I* had of the ſame man, which (rubb'd over with a ſpirit) makes impreſſions into many ſheets, ſo that you have many Bonds for one, the ſums are eaſily altered.

L. Cheat. What would this Raſcal have? [*aſide.*

Stew. A thouſand pound! *I* ſcorn it, *I* aim at higher things, *I* am a Gentleman in birth, your Equal.

L. Cheat. Heaven and Earth! what have *I* brought my ſelf to? When my Eſtate is out of diſpute, *I* will increaſe your reward.

Stew. No, Madam; *I* have long honour'd and lov'd your Ladyſhip, and nothing leſs than your Perſon can ever ſatisfie me.

L. Cheat. How, Sir!

Stew. Hold, Madam; if you uſe me roughly, *I* in a moment will blaſt all your Fortunes, and you ſhall fly from hence as naked as you came; but if you'll marry me, *I* ll be as humble a Servant as *I* have been before.

L. Cheat. Inſolent Villain. [*aſide.*

Sure

Sure thou art not in earneſt. [*to him.*

Stew. By Heaven, I am, and I will periſh, or attain my ends.

L.Cheat. He may undo me; Oh that I ſhould lay my Plots ſo ſhallow! I muſt have a trick for the Rogue. [*aſide.*
Give me time to conſider of it.

Stew. I can give none, nor will.

L.Cheat. Marriage would ſtop my buſineſs, and I ſhall get no more money of my Brother, or others.

Stew. We'll keep it private.

L.Cheat. (Though modeſty would not let me propoſe it to you, and I would rather have died than done it) I muſt confeſs the thing I wiſh'd for upon Earth.

Stew. Then I am happy, and will ſerve you 'till my death.

L.Cheat. Forgive this frailty, and uſe me well, ſhame and bluſhes will confound me.

Stew. Dear Madam! there's no ſhame in Love and Marriage. I ſee ſhe loves me. [*aſide.*

L.Cheat. There yet remains one difficulty; You are my main Witneſs, and (when we are married) you can be none; therefore if you will go to a Maſter in Chancery, and ſwear to all my Deeds, and make Affidavit to my falſe Eſtate, the next hour ſhall make you Maſter of me, and mine.

Stew. Hah! I may be catch'd, and after I have ſworn to that, I have no hank upon her. [*aſide.*
Before, Madam, I never will; but after, for my own ſake, I muſt. I'll get a Parſon (whom I can truſt) and none ſhall know of the Marriage but himſelf.

L.Cheat. This will not do, I muſt have another trick for the Raſcal. [*aſide.* You have convinc'd me; but I am engaged to a Parſon already, whom I promiſed that Office to, I'll ſend for him preſently.

Stew. I am tranſported with my happineſs.

L.Cheat. Withdraw, Sir, I'll come to you inſtantly.

Enter Prigg.

Hah! this Fellow ſhall be my Engine, and I muſt loſe no time.

L.Cheat. I am glad you are come; I have a buſineſs to communicate to you, that concerns you nearly, in which you muſt be ſecret.

Prig. Does it concern my Honour? Madam, I'll cut their throats.

L.Cheat. No, Sir, it concerns your Love.

Prig. Then I'll cut their throats too.

L.Cheat. No, it is not come to that; but juſt as I was reſolv'd (having

ving considered your passion, to bestow my self upon you.) ——

Prig. Oh dear Madam! let me kiss your fair hand.

L.Cheat. Would you believe it? this villainous Steward having Writings in his hands for the greatest part of my Estate, is arriv'd to that insolence, he threatens to burn 'em, unless *I* will instantly marry him.

Prig. Oh dog! Rogue! your Servant, Madam, *I'll* cut his throat immediately.

L.Cheat. Hold, Sir, he's an odd humorous Fellow, and will not have his throat cut.

Prig. Will he not? why then *I* won't.

L.Cheat. *I* have design'd a better way; to put a false Marriage upon him, and you shall be my Chaplain, you can get the habit of a Parson.

Prig. Ay, ay, this is very pretty; I your Chaplain? ha, ha! if my face would but look solid enough for a Divine.

L.Cheat. I warrant you, 'tis a very judicious face, and will be very Parsonical.

Prig. Not so, a Gamster's at your service.

L.Cheat. And you can read the Common-Prayer, that's material; for some Gentlemen can scarce read now adays.

Prig. I warrant you, Madam: this will be the prettiest trick.

L.Cheat. When you have married him and me, about an hour hence (no body else being by) I'll take care to pack him far enough afterwards, and thus reserve my self for you. Get a Habit quickly, and lay it in the Closet, here's the Key, there you shall shift; I must be gone. [*Ex.* La.Cheatly.

Prig. Oh happy Man! I shall never need to sneak after a Lord, to sing Catches, break Jests, to eat and rook with him; well, I'll go no more to Twelve, that's certain; I'll get me a pack of Fox-Dogs, hunt every day, and play at the Groom-Porter's at night. [*Ex.* Prig.

Enter Theodosia *and* Isabella *in the Garden.*

Theod. Dear *Isabella*, how I love these solitary Walks, free from the noise and importunity of Men.

Isab. So much the contrary, that should you hear the ratling of a Coach, you'd be ready to leap over the Wall.

Theod. If it were *Bellamour's*.

Isab. Why *Bellamour's*? no, though you knew it to be a tired Hackney, with six dusty Passengers in't; thou art the giddiest Creature.

Theod.

Theod. I do not love to be ſolid as you are, and fix upon one Man; 'tis better to like all, and love none.

Iſab. Thou hypocrite; do not I know that none but *Carlos* can pleaſe you, he has caught you faſt?

Theod. No, never think ſo: Do but hear the Men talk of another, and 'tis antidote enough againſt 'em, they are as malicious as we Women, and would quarrel as often, if it were not for fear of fighting.

Iſab. Of all men I wonder *Stanmore* ſcapes it, he ſpeaks well of no man.

Theod. 'Tis fit to ſpeak ill of Fops, who were loſt to the World, if men of Wit might not ſhow 'em.

Iſab. For ought I ſee, laughing at them does them no hurt; for they riſe and get Fortunes for all that; Fools are lawful prize; but *Stanmore* ſpeaks ill of witty men.

Theod. When the witty men fall upon one another, they make ſport for the fools, and ſo laughing goes round, no matter how.

Iſab. Stanmore ſays, *Carlos* has an ill breath, and takes Phyſick of a *French* Surgeon; and that *Bellamore* keeps a Player, and will run out his Eſtate.

Theod. And yet you ſee how dear they are one to another when they meet, 'tis the faſhion.

Enter Gartrude.

Gart. Oh Siſter, come hither! here are four men meaſuring of ſwords, I believe they are going to fight in the next field.

[*Carlos*, *Prigg*, *Stanmore*, and *Young Maggot* in the field.

Yo. Mag. How ſhall I kill this *Prigg*? he wants two of his vital parts, a Brain and a Heart.

Prig. I'll ſpoil your writing, have at your Madrigal arm, you Wit you. [Prigg *diſarms* Yo. Mag. *and comes up to* Carlos.

Stan. Carlos, you ſee our advantage.

Car. And ſcorn it; have at you firſt. [*He diſarms* Prigg.
Now, Sir, for you. [*to* Stanmore.

Stan. We are friends, I love thee, prithee let it alone.

Car. Not ſo great friends, I over-heard you ſpeaking ill of me to my Miſtreſs.

Stan. Prithee *Carlos*, that's nothing, we all ſpeak ill of one another, and it goes for nothing.

Car. I am not of your opinion, have at you. [Carlos *diſarms* Stanm.

Stan. At you? well, you have it, and I am glad I had to do with a brave man.

Car. You are men of Honour, and may be truſted with your ſwords; let's in amongſt the Ladies, as if nothing had paſs'd between us.

Prig. You may do what you will; but the valiant *Prig* deſires his Widow may hear of his proweſs at leaſt.

Yo. Mag. That I ſhould be worſted by an Aſs. [*Exeunt.*

The Ladies re-enter.

Gert. I am afraid *Carlos* has hurt honeſt Mr. *Stanmore*; but *Carlos* is a fine Gentleman, and fights ſo like a Gentleman, he ſaid the pretrieſt things to me in an Arbor, Mr. *Selfiſh* could not have courted me at a higher rate, I vow I begin to like him ſtrangely, I like a Wit better than I did.

Iſab. Thou'lt like any Body.

Theod. Pray Heaven *Carlos* be not hurt.

Iſab. You ſeem diſordered.

Theod. No, no, what makeſt thou think ſo?

Iſab. I am confident *Carlos* is not hurt.

Theod. I think not of him.

Iſab. I cannot blame you; I believe he has honeſty to his wit, and honour to his courage, I never ſaw a finer Gentleman.

Gert. He has almoſt as taking a way with him as Mr. *Selfiſh*.

Theod. I don't like his face, 'tis too ſerious; his meen is ſtiff, and he dances ill.

Iſab. You are too nice; his looks and meen are manly, and he dances like a perſon of quality; you are for a Page's face, and a dancing Maſter's legs, and I hate both.

Theod. Nay, never let's fall out about him.

Iſab. If we ſhould, he's here to part us.

Enter Carlos, Prigg, *and* Young Maggot.

Theod. He goes on faſter with his task than I'd have him.

Yo. Mag. There is no living two hours out of the *Beau monde*; I am out of the Lady's company like a Fiſh out of the water, is not that well ſaid, *Prigg?*

Prig. Not at all, the Devil take me.

Theod. Not ſo mute as a Fiſh, I hope.

Yo. Mag. No; we witty men are always talking, now and then two or three of us at a time, invention does ſo flow; but I had rather ſay one fine thing to a Lady, than twenty to the beſt Wits in Town.

Prig.

Prig. Say fine things? what a Pox don't we all ſpeak alike? don't we all ſpeak Engliſh?

Theod. Had you never a Miſtreſs that was a Fool?

Yo.Mag. None are ſo groſs but they gueſs when a man ſays a witty thing; when I ſay it, I am ſure.

Prig. Pox on ſaying, I love doing a witty thing; to win a man's money is to out-wit him, I think, and I'll undertake to win yours at ten ſeveral Games.

Yo.Mag. What, cheat me?

Prig. No, upon the ſquare, by meer judgment. A Wit is like a running Horſe, good for no earthly thing beſide, when did you ever know any of 'em well with a great Man, or ſo much as taken down to a Lord's houſe a Buck-hunting? they can drink ſome of 'em; but then they talk of Philoſophy, Hiſtory, Poetry, as if they came into company to ſtudy; this is ſtuff the Devil would not hear.

Theod. What would you have 'em talk of?

Prig. Why Dogs, Hawks and Horſes, Crimp, Trick track, and Primero; make me a match at Bowls or Tennis over a Bottle; come, even or odd for two Pieces, I hate to be idle.

Iſab. What an intolerable Fool is this?

Prig. There are three matches to be run at *New-market*, I'll bett money on every one of 'em: I'll hold you ſix to four of the Gelding againſt the Mare; gold to ſilver on the bay Stone-horſe againſt the Flea-bitten; and an even fifty pound, or what you will.——

Yo.Mag. You need not run your ſelf out of breath, I will never bett while I live.

Prig. Ladies, what think you of five merry Guineys? will either of you bett?

Theod. I do not like *Carlos* his talking ſo long with that Fool, ſhe is young and handſom, ſhe has beauty enough to invite, and folly enough to grant.

Prig. I hold five pound I make a Tennis-ball lye upon that Stand once in thrice.

Iſab. This Fellow has no Genius but to play, nor no argument but a wager.

Yo.Mag. One that wants Wit, deſerves not to bear the figure of a Man.

Theod. Such Fellows are but cyphers to you men of Wit, they make you of greater value.

Yo.Mag. I'll ſwear that's well ſaid, I don't think I could have ſaid better my ſelf.

Prig. What will you give me for this Ring at the day of Marriage?

Carlos. You are ſo pretty, and ſo obliging, there's no reſiſting both. But will you come and ſee my Lodgings? I have the fineſt *French* things.

Gert. Really, Sir, you are ſo courteous and well-behaved, I cannot deny you coming; you put me ſo in mind of Mr. *Selfiſh*, you have his way with you to a hair: do you write too? he is a very pretty Poet.

Car. Were I not ſharp ſet, this would turn my ſtomach: *Selfiſh* ſteals all he writes out of *French* Poetry; he has neither Wit nor Money but what he borrows, forget him, and I'll be your Servant.

Gert. You ſhall promiſe to be very civil, when I come.

Car. She is very eaſie, pray Heaven ſhe be ſound; I'll promiſe any thing. [*aſide.*

—Well, *Theodoſia*, if I be falſe, 'tis your command has puſht me into temptation.

Prig. Come, here's ten Guineys, I'll lay 'em upon my Toe, and in ſix times kick 'em all into my mouth.

Iſab. And what if you do?

Prig. Talk of Wit; I'll play at Prick-penny for twenty pound, with any one here.

Car. I am for you at Tennis.

Prig. I'll give you a bisk at *Longs* for ten pound.

Theod. Bowling methinks is better.

Prig. I'll give him one in ſeven for five ſhillings.

Car. We had better reſerve our ſtrength; I'll hunt to morrow.

Prig. With all my heart; hollo, hey *Ringwood*, *Rockwood*, *Fowler*, hey. Well, I'll go and play in the mean time: Pox, this is the baſeſt company, there's no money ſtirring. [*Ex.* Prigg.

Theod. What could you do with that Fool all this while?

Car. In obedience to your command, I ſuffered her impertinence: You are a very Tyrant; your Beauty obliges me to love none but you, and yet you'll have me make Love to all; fleſh and blood is not able to bear it.

Theod. Not ſo: I would have you gain their eſteem, and be cryed up among 'em; uſing us ſcurvily, often does that; Women love the careleſs, inſolent, and loud.

Car. Faith, Madam, I am a moral man, I do as I would be done by.

Theod. I would not be in Love with you for a million, 'twould tempt you horribly.

Car. It would tempt me to vanity, but never to ingratitude.

Theod.

Theod. Vanity and ingratitude are as inſeparable as old age and ugliness; they that think too well of themſelves, ever think too ill of others; and I will give you no temptation of any kind.

Car. You are nothing but temptation; your face, your ſhape, your voice, nay, your very coldneſs is a tempter, and therefore have a care on't.

Iſab. You have met with the greateſt Tyrant of our Sex.

Car. The greateſt Conqueror: But ſhe has too much goodneſs for a Tyrant; however, I'll tire her cruelty with my patience, and I'll hold her the greateſt wager in the World that I get her heart at laſt.

Theod. You have a pretty confidence; pray what's your wager?

Car. A Wedding-night.

Theod. Who ſhall be Judg?

Car. Your Friend here.

Theod. I can't have a better; done.

Car. Done, Madam; I am ſure good ſervice and perſeverance will gain a reaſonable Woman, where there is not a down-right antipathy, and I am reſolved never to give you over.

Theod. Love in this Age is as well counterfeited as Complexion; what with the Men's lying and ſwearing, and the Women's waters and waſhes, we know not what to make of one another.

Car. Try me with Commands.

Theod. I muſt have you Poetical, that's a great ſign of Love in a Man of Wit; I muſt have Songs and Sonnets plenty.

Car. Very well.

Theod. I muſt never have you ſee a Play but when I am there.

Car. That is, I muſt ſee none at all; for when you are there, I can ſee nothing but your ſelf.

Theod. Then upon no pretence whatſoever muſt you go behind the Scenes.

Car. That's grown the ſign of a Fop, and for my own ſake I'll avoid it.

Theod. But the Women have Beauty and Wit enough to hearken to a Keeper.

Car. Some of 'em are ſo far from having Wit of their own, that they ſpoyl that little the Poets put into 'em, by baſe utterance; and for Beauty they lay it on ſo, that 'tis much alike from fifteen to five and forty.

Theod. Item, You muſt not talk with Vizors in the Pit, though they look never ſo like Women of quality, and are never ſo coming.

Car.

Car. Be it ſo: I never knew any good come of that way of fooling yet; for if they were afraid of me, I was ever more afraid of them. But how ſhall I arrive at the general Fame and Reputation you ſpoke of, with theſe reſtraints? The Men in vogue forbear none of all theſe things; they dive like Ducks at one end of the Pit, and riſe at the other, then whisk into the Whore-Boxes, then into the Scenes, and always hurry up and down, the Devils in an *Opera* are not ſo buſie.

Theod. You muſt take other Courſes.

Car. I have beſpoken a Play for you, and all the good company of this Houſe; when the other is done, I hope, Madam, you will honour it with your preſence.

Theod. I'll do as the reſt do.

Iſab. This is a new piece of Gallantry, *Theodoſia*.

Theod. The invitation's general.

Car. How mad would they be, if they knew this were meant to me?

Enter Maggot, *unſeen by the reſt.*

Yo.Mag. Now pretty Mrs. *Gartrude*, and the reſt of the good company, I have the Poem about me, which I told you I writ upon Beauty; 'tis elaborate, I kept my Chamber about it as long as a Spark does, of a Clap, or a Lady of a Child; I purged, and bled, and enter'd into a Diet about it, and that made me have ſo clear a Complexion, and write ſo well, and brought down my Belly too.

Mag. How now, Wit! let me ſee that damn'd Poem you lay in of ſo long, when you ſhould have ſtudied the Law.

Yo.Mag. Oh Heaven! I am undone.

Mag. I ſhall ſpoyl that Moneth's Work.

Yo.Mag. Ladies, pray intercede for me, and ſave my Poem.

Theod. Hold, Sir, reprieve it.

Yo.Mag. 'Tis not mine, 'tis a Friend's of mine.

Mag. Ah graceleſs Fool! the worſt Friend thou haſt, thy ſelf thou meaneſt. [*He tears it, and ſcatters it.*

Yo.Mag. Save this, and I will never be witty again.

Mag. No, Sir, there, there, ſo, 'tis done: By Heaven, touch a piece on't, and I'll diſ-inherit you. [Yo.Mag. *goes to gather up the pieces.*

Car. Let me intercede for him, he'll mend, and be leſs witty every day.

Yo.Mag. Forgive me once, and I'll mend, and be as dull as an old fat Alderman, that ſleeps over Juſtice at the *Old-Baily*.

Mag. At your Similes again, Oh you incorrigible Wit! let me ſee what Poetry you have about you.

Yo.

Yo. Mag. Ladies, for Heaven's sake, plead for me, or I am utterly ruin'd: Sir, will you disgrace me before my Mistress *Gartrude?*

Mag. Hang you, Coxcomb; she hates Wit, because she's a fool, as I do, because I am wise. Stand still. [*He pulls out bundles of Papers.*

Yo. Mag. Mercy upon me! what will become of me?

Isab. Good Mr. *Maggot*, be more merciful.

Mag. What's here? A Poem call'd, *A Posie for the Ladies Delight.* A second, *The Flower of Love's Constancy. An Answer to it. Distichs to write upon Lady's Busks. Epigram written in a Lady's Bible in Covent-Garden-Church.* Oh wicked Wit! *Posies for Wedding-Rings*, Oh idle Rake-hell! I shall have you come to write to Tobacco-Boxes, and Sword-Blades, and Knives, and to all the Iron-work at *Sheffeild*; all these go to it.

Yo. Mag. Hold, good Sir, hold; upon my knees I beg you'ld hold: here cut off this Joynt, this, this, any Joynt about me, so you'll spare my Poetry.

Theod. Have pity on the poor Gentleman.

Gar. Oh pray give me those upon the Busks.

Mag. Not one shall live to make him in favour: Must you needs be a Wit, to the dishonour of your Family, and the disturbance of your good old Father's ashes? I never knew one of our Family before. I'll alter my Will instantly. [*Ex.* Maggot.

Yo. Mag. Nay, now you may hang me and you will, now you have torn my Poetry, I have never a Copy of any of 'em; I will go hide my self in a hole, and never shew my head again. [*Ex.* Yo. Mag.

Car. Come, Ladies, shall we prepare for the Play after this Farce?

Isab. With all our hearts.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter *Carlos*, *Theodosia*, *Prigg*, *La. Cheatly*, *Maggot*, *La. Busy*, *Bellamore*, *Isabella*, *Stanmore*, *Gartrude*, *Young Maggot*, and *Selfish*, and others coming into the Play-house, seating themselves.

The Scene, *The Play-house.*

Isab. BY being masqued, I shall observe *Bellamore*'s Actions.

Gert. Nove no Body will know me; they'll take me for you in this Petticoat.

Isab.

Isab. If you hold your Tongue, Sister; but that makes a great difference betwixt us.

Gart. Ay; but I'll whisper, and they shall not know my voice.

Isab. But they'll soon discover your sence.

Car. My dear Mistress, since you accept my service, I am resolv'd to ply you so, that I must win at last.

Theod. You are very resolute, and shall find me so; you think to go on like the *French* King; we shall have you do as he does by a Town in *Flanders*, set a day when you will take it.

Car. I hope to corrupt you within with Love, and make my conquest the easier.

Bell. I wonder *Isabella* is not here, *Stanmore*; I am so damnably in Love, I am afraid thou'lt never own me; I am a very Recreant.

Stan. My Mistress is not here neither; her folly has a little cool'd my Love; but I have a most abominable lust to her, the wiser passion of the two, and no despair: Though that Rogue *Selfish* has her Mind, I do not doubt but to get her Body, which is worth two of it for my use.

To.Mag. I wonder pretty Mrs. *Gartrude* is not here.

Self. I am amaz'd at it; for she knew I was to come.

A great knocking at the Door. Enter *Door-keeper.*

Car. How now! What means that knocking?

Door-keep. Sir, Ladies and several Gentlemen knock to get in.

Car. Let the Ladies in for nothing, but make the Men pay.

[Ex. *Door-keeper.*

Prig. Had you ever such a Chaplain? I was so disguis'd, he could not suspect me; methinks I dispatch'd the business as well, as if I had been used to be married my self.

L.Cheat. I was very well. I have since gotten my Deeds from him; and because he was a main Witness to many of my Bonds, and Mortgages, I have made him swear to 'em all before a Master in Chancery, upon pretence that when it should be known he was my Husband, his testimony would not be good.

Prig. Ha! ha! ha! This was the prettiest invention, and will make well for us. But where is the Fool?

L.Cheat. There is a Kinsman of mine going for the *Indies*, I sent him to him with an hundred pound for a Venture, and have taken care he shall not come back again; for he'll clap him under Hatches, carry him away, and sell him for a Rogue as he is; he sayls this Tide.

Several

Several more come in, Women mask'd, and Men of several sorts. Several young Coxcombs fool with the Orange-Women.

Orange-Wo. Oranges; Will you have any Oranges?

1 *Bull.* What Play do they play? some confounded Play or other.

Prig. A Pox on't, Madam! what should we do at this damn'd Play-house? Let's send for some Cards, and play at Lang-trilloo in the Box: Pox on 'em! I ne'r saw a Play had any thing in't; some of 'em have Wit now and then, but what care I for Wit.

Self. Does my Cravat sit well? I take all the care I can it should; I love to appear well. What Ladies are here in the Boxes? really I never come to a Play, but upon account of seeing the Ladies.

Car. Door-keeper, Are they ready to begin?

Door-keep. Yes, immediately.

Self. Now you shall see the Ladies make up to me; where e're I am, they flock about me: I think I am one of the happiest Men on Earth; I thank Heaven every day for making me just as I am, *Bellamore.*

Bell. That's *Isabella*, I am sure, I know the Petticoat; what a Devil makes her talk to that Rogue? [*Gartrude chuses to sit by Selfish.*

Yo. Mag. You'll find it an admirable Plot; there's great force and fire in the writing; so full of business, and trick, and very fashionable; it pass'd through my hands; some of us helpt him in it.

1 *Bull.* Dam'me! When will these Fellows begin? Plague on't! here's a staying.

2 *Man.* Whose Play is this?

3 *Man.* One *Prickett*'s, Poet *Prickett.*

1 *Man.* Oh hang him! Pox on him! he cannot write; prithee let's to *White-hall.*

Y. Mag. Not write, Sir? I am one of his Patrons; I know the Wits don't like him; but he shall write with any of 'em all for an hundred pound.

Prig. Ay that he shall. They say, he puts no Wit in his Plays, but 'tis all one for that, they do the business; he is my Poet too, I hate Wit.

Enter several Ladies, and several Men.

Door-keep. Pray, Sir, pay me, my Masters will make me pay it.

3 *Man.* Impudent Rascal! Do you ask me for Money? Take that, Sirrah.

2 *Door-keep.* Will you pay me, Sir?

4 *Man.* No: I don't intend to stay.

2 *Door-keep.* So you say every day, and see two or three Acts for nothing.

4 *Man.* I'll break your Head, you Rascal.

1 *Door-keep.* Pray, Sir, pay me.

3 *Man* Set it down, I have no Silver about me, or bid my Man pay you.

Theod. What, do Gentlemen run on tick for Plays?

Car. As familiarly as with their Taylors?

3 *Door keep.* Pox on you, Sirrah! go, and bid 'em begin quickly.

[Ex. *Door keeper.*

They play the Curtain-time, then take their places.

Car. Now they'll begin. [*Selfish and Young Maggot go to sit down.*

Y. Mag. Don't come to us; let you Wits sit together.

Prig. These Fellows will be witty, and trouble us; go to your Brother Wits, and make a noise among your selves, Brother Wits.

[*They go on the other side.*

Self. I am always hated by the Fools; but I think it rather out of envy than malice.

Bell. Faith! you shan't sit by us.

Stan. Gentlemen, Do not mistake your selves; for you are no Wits, though y'are Poets, and we will not own you of our Party.

Yo. Mag. This is meer envy against us Writers, *Selfish.*

Self. It is so: I for my part will throw my self at a Lady's feet, play with her Fan, and fan her gently with it.

The Play begins.

Enter *Lover* and *Wife.*

Lover. Dear Madam, Let us not omit any occasion; but take every opportunity by the hand, to improve those Amours, which have rendred us so happy, to be elevated above the reach of Envy.

Wife. Sir, I should not entertain a thought, that might in any wise be prejudicial to our Amours, or the improvement thereof, if I were not so extremely obnoxious to the great infelicity of being subject to a Husband, whose Jealousie has so much the Ascendant over him, that it renders him so vigilant, not seldom to interrupt our happiest hours.

Lover. That turbulent temper does too often disorder the fair quiet of his own mind, as well as discompose ours; and Jealousie proves as often an obstruction to his own tranquillity, as it does an impediment to our fruition.

Wife. It is a priviledge too absolutely imperious (which by a seeming

ing Conjugal right) our Husbands claim over us, to make so subtil a scrutiny into all our enterprizes, since they, with too great a regret, entertain the least motion of ours, whereby we would insinuate into their Affairs.

Lover. But since Fortune (by so many frequent Signalizations) has demonstrated how much she is a friend to us, in assisting us with so many Subterfuges, when most we have needed them, it will be a hainous tergiversation from her, to abandon that trust we formerly have reposed in her, and she may justly take a Picque at our infidelity, and, in that Caprice, may contrive a revenge sutable to our delinquency.

Wife. Rather Fortune may be apt to believe us too audacious, in tempting her with so much importunity, that it must needs be more vexatious than agreeable; and while we make such vigorous addresses to another Deity, for ought we know, Love may wax jealous of our Applications to it: For though he's blind, he can descry, and will greatly resent our Dereliction; and, when he is incensed, his Nature is highly vindicative.

Lover. When Fortune takes such pains to assist us in our Amours, Love will certainly be very sensible of our Omission; and when he is once provok'd, he seldom buries Injuries in the grave of Oblivion.

Theod. This is very lewd Stuff: Is this the new way of Writing?

Car. A Man would think these Lovers in Plays did not care a farthing for one another, when they find nothing to do but to be florid, and talk impertinently when they are alone.

Yo. Mag. This is a very strong, sinewy, and correct Style, and yet neat, and florid.

Self. I have taught 'em all this way of Writing; I always strive to write like a Gentleman, so easie, and well bred.

Prig. These are very good Lines, faith.

Y. Mag. Nay, 'tis admirably worded, that's the truth on't.

1 *Man.* Dam me! I don't like it.

2 *Man.* Pox on the Coxcomb that writ it! there's nothing in't.

1 *Man.* God I love Drums, and Trumpets, and much ranting, roaring, huffing, and fretting, and good store of noise in a Play.

Lover. I have sufficiently confuted all your Argumentation; and nothing then remains, but that I should humbly petition to hold the Honour of your fair Embraces.

Wife. The Motion is so civil, and savours so much of a sincere Affection, that I can no longer resist it.

Lover. Let us retire.

Wife. Come. [Ex. *Lover* and *Wife.*

Bell. So: now they are come to the Matter in hand: But here comes the Husband.

The Husband knocks at the Door, and turns his back.

The Lover kicks him ſeveral times, and retires.

Yo. Mag. Now it begins to warm; 'tis an admirable Plot.

Self. Bellamore, See how kind the Ladies are to me: Pretty Rogue! Let me repoſe my Head in thy ſoft Boſom.

Bell. S death! What's this? She will not ſpeak to me, yet ſuffers that familiarity with that Raſcal, as if it were on purpoſe to provoke me.

Car. Why does not the Fool look where the Blows come?

Theod. Oh! that would ſpoyl the Plot.

Husband. This muſt be the Devil that ſtrikes me: Some whoring Rogue or other is gotten with my Wife, and the Devil pimps for him; but I have a Key to a Back-door, and will ſurprize him. [Ex. *Husband.*

Stan. I cannot find my Miſtreſs; but I'll divert my ſelf with a Vizard in the mean time.

1 *Man.* What, not a word? all over in diſguiſe: Silence for your Folly, and a Vizard for your ill Face.

2 *Man to a Vizard.* Gad! ſome Whore, I warrant you, or Chamber-maid, in her Lady's old Cloaths.

[*He ſits down, and lolls in the Orange-wench's Lap.*

3 *Man.* She muſt be a Woman of quality; ſhe has right Point.

4 *Man.* Faith! ſhe earns all the Cloaths on her Back by lying on't; ſome Punk lately turn'd out of Keeping, her Livery not quite worn out.

Iſab. I deſerve this by coming in a Maſque; and if I ſhould now diſcover my ſelf, 'twould make a Quarrel.

Prig. You ſhall ſee what tricks I'll play; faith! I love to be merry. [*Raps people on the Backs, and twirls their Hats, and then looks demurely, as if he did not do it.*

Enter *two Lovers,* and *Wife.*

2 *Lover.* Have I catcht them? I was jealous of this before; but now I will make further diſcovery. [2 *Lover goes under the Table.*

1 *Lover.* In verity it ſavours of Incivility, to interrupt our Joys in the middle of our Felicity; but ſince the barbarous Intruder is defeated, let us embrace the preſent occaſion, which ſeems to court us.

Wife. If any thing which I can do can felicitate you, you may command my Perſon.

2 *Lover.* Oh damn'd Jade!

Enter

Enter *Husband.*

Wife. Oh God! my Husband.

1 *Lover.* 'S death! What shall we do?

Yo. Mag. Now it thickens; an admirable Plot.

Husb. Oh my Shins, my Shins!

Wife. 'Tis as we wisht.

[*The Husband falls over a Form, and breaks his Shins, and puts out the Candle.*

[*Takes up the Candle, and blows it in again.*

Yo. Mag. There's a turn: Who would expect that? As great a turn as can be, from darkness to light: Can any thing be greater?

1 *Lover.* Now we are undone again.

Husb. Now tremble at my Vengeance, thou most perfidious Strumpet; for I will kill thee before thou prayest.

Wife. What means my dearest Honey?

Husb. Oh thou salacious Jade! Canst thou ask, when that stallion-Rogue is there?

Wife. What Rogue? Art thou mad? Here's no Body.

Husb. No Body? Why, who's that? thou most lascivious Quean!

Wife. Where?

Husb. There.

Wife. I see no Body; thou art distracted.

1 *Lover.* How I adore her for her Wit.

Husb. What Fellow's that, Huswife?

Wife. Which? I see none.

Husb. But I do; and have at him first.

Wife. Hold, my Dear; if thou seest any Body, it is the Devil; and if thou strik'st it, it will tear thee in pieces.

Husb. Are you mad? Do you see no Body there?

Wife. No, Heaven knows, not I. Oh Heaven! the House is haunted: What does it look like?

Husb. Oh Lord! it looks like a Man: hah! Methinks he has glaring Eyes: Oh! Oh! I see his cloven Foot; this is that that struck me just now: Oh Heaven help me!

Wife. Oh help? I swound, I swound.

Husb. Oh my dear Wife! Oh the Devil!

2 *Lover.* Have I caught you, Sir? [1 *Lover goes under the Table.*

2 *Lover.* Since you have, for the Lady's sake, don't discover me.

Wife. Oh! Is it there still my Dear?

Husb. No, I think 'tis gone; hah! 'tis vanisht.

Yo. Mag. Well, it concerns me so, I am not able to bear it.

Husb. My poor Dear! I have wrong'd thee; prithee forgive me.

Wife. I am always abus'd thus by you; I am too honest.

Husb. Prithee forgive me, I will never tax thee more; but I must change my House, if it be thus haunted.

Wife.

Wife. I am afraid to live here any longer; do, my Dear.

Isab. I see *Bellamore* minds no Woman but my foolish Sister (whom, I fear, he takes for me) yet she is so ridiculously fond of that Fool, that he cannot reasonably imagine I would be.

Self. Do you not see how fond that pretty Creature is of me? I make no doubt but I shall enjoy her Person.

Bell. Damnation on this Rascal! Can a Woman of so much Wit like him? I'll watch her; Women have odd, fantastick Appetites, and there's no trusting of 'em.

2 *Lover.* 'Tis too apparent that she's false to me, and I'll revenge it, by discovering her to her Husband, for all her trick. [*They scuffle under the*

1 *Lover.* I will cut your throat, if you offer it. [*Table, rise with it on*

2 *Lover.* Nay then, you Rascal, have at you. [*their Backs; the Table*

Husb. Oh villainous Woman! Are these Spi- [*falls down; they draw*
rits? Now I am convinc'd I know one Whore- [*their Swords, and fight.*
master too well to believe it. [*Trig strikes a Bully over*

1 *Man.* Zounds you Rogue! Do you play [*the Back he takes it to be*
your tricks with me? [*another, and strikes him.*

2 *Man.* Have at you, Dog. [*They fight; Bell. Stan.*

Car. Impudent Rascals! Have at you all. [*Car. beat the Bullies out*
of the House; the Actors run off; Ladies run out shrieking.

Self. I will make good the Lady's Retreat. [*He retreats behind the*
Ladies, with his Sword drawn.

Bell. Where is this *Selfish* gone? I must watch him and the Lady. [Ex. *Bellamore.*

Car. What Rascals and Cowards are these Bullies? Where are the Ladies? Boy, go out, and bid the Players go on.

Enter *Theodosia* and *Isabella.*

Oh Madam! I am asham'd of this disorder.

Theod. Are you not hurt, Sir?

Car. Only a little in the Hand.

Theod. Come to morrow, and my shock Dog shall lick you whole. A Hurt in the Hand? Why, 'tis gotten with opening of Oysters, and cured with a Cobweb.

Car. If you will but pity the Wounds you give your self, I'll ne'r complain to you of any other.

Isab. *Theodosia* may affect ill Nature, which perhaps her Heart is no more guilty of than mine. But, I am sure, I am extremely troubled at your Hurt, and would not have you neglect it.

Car. You are too obliging; 'tis slight, and worth neither of our cares.

Gart.

Gart. Oh Lord! Mr. *Carlos* is hurt, I ſhall ſwoun: Oh dear Sir! my Heart went pit a pat all the while you were fighting.

Car. That pretty Heart ſhould only leap for joy.

La. Buſy. Sir, Pray let me be ſo happy, as to apply my white Oyntment; 'tis very ſoveraign for a green Wound.

La. Cheat. I have a Balſom that never fails, and I were moſt unhappy, if one I eſteem ſo well, ſhould miſcarry for want of it.

Theod. Here's a doe about a ſlight Hurt; a Butcher at the *Bear-Garden* makes nothing of forty ſuch: I would have the Sun ſhine through my Servant now and then.

Car. You would have one ſerve you as they do a Mountebank, to be run through for him.

Iſab. I cannot reſt till I ſee if *Bellamore* be wounded. [Ex. *Iſab.*

Enter one of the Actors.

Actor. Sir, We cannot go on with our Play, one of our young Women being frighted with the Swords, is fallen into a Fit, and carried home ſick.

Car. Boy, Go and find the Company; I have prepar'd an Entertainment upon the Stage; we'll have an Entry, a Song, or ſome Muſick; there is no loſs of the Play; this *Prickett* can write none but Low Farce, and his Fools are rather odious than ridiculous.

Theod. You are once in the right.

Car. My cruel Miſtreſs! You ſee I had ſome Favour from every one but your ſelf.

Theod. I believe it has coſt you five pound in penny gleek, to get the good Will of the old Ladies, and the hopes of Marriage has prevailed upon the young ones.

Car. I was never ſo ſerious as that comes to, with any but your ſelf.

Theod. No more of this; I accept your Entertainment.

The Scene changes to the Stage and Scenes.

Enter *Selfiſh* and *Gartrude.*

Self. Now if your Love has any reſolution, you may enjoy me, and make your ſelf the happieſt Lady in Town, and pleaſe me too.

Gart. Indeed you are ſo well bred, and ſo much a Gentleman, the Ladies cannot but love you.

Self. I have no reaſon to complain.

Gart. And then you dreſs ſo finely.

Self. Indeed moſt young Fellows when they come to Town, dreſs at me: But, pretty Creature, let us retire.

Gent.

Gart. What you pleaſe, dear Sir, if you'll be civil.

Self. Pretty Soul! how ſhe loves me? I am a Rogue to be falſe to theſe poor Creatures: While they divert themſelves with the vulgar Entertainments of Muſick and Dancing, I will ſteal the happieſt minute that Love and Beauty can afford.

Gart. You ſhall not need to ſteal, I'll give you any thing: But will you make a Song on me?

Self. Thou ſhalt be my *Chloris*, my *Phyllis*, *Cœlia*, my All: Let's away my Dear. [Ex. *Selfiſh* and *Gartrude*.

Enter *Bellamore*.

Bell. Whither is that Raſcal carrying *Iſabella*? She muſt do this on purpoſe to make me mad; for I can never believe ſhe can like *Selfiſh*. I'll follow. [Ex. *Bell.*

Enter *Stanmore* and *Iſabella*.

Stan. Well, You muſt be my Miſtreſs; my Heart beats, and I have a thouſand Diſorders upon me, which none but ſhe can cauſe.

Iſab. It beats a falſe Alarm for once; you ſee I am not ſhe, but ſhe is ſome-where behind the Scenes; pray go, and look after her. [Ex. *Stan.*

Enter *Carlos* and *Theodoſia*.

Theod. Prithee pull off thy Mask, and conceal thy ſelf no longer.

Iſab. Do not diſcover me. I hear *Bellamore* keeps a Player; I am reſolved to watch him, and ſee if I can make any Diſcovery.

Enter *Lady Cheatly*, *Lady Buſy*, *Prigg*, and *Maggot*.

Mag. Madam, Your Ladyſhip is ſo peſter'd with this Gameſter *Prigg*, that I cannot have time to talk with you.

L. Cheat. I am ſo; and I have Buſineſs of great concernment, to confer with you about; wou'd I were rid of him.

Mag. I'll have a trick for him.

Prig. Sirrah *Maggot!* I will not ſuffer you to talk to my Lady; ſhe is mine, you old Fool.

Mag. Come out, you young Blockhead, and let our Swords try whoſe ſhe is.

Prig. Let's fight here; I would have my Miſtreſs ſee how I put in my Paſs, and what a yerk I give it.

Mag. Thou o're-grown Coward!

L. Cheat. Gentlemen, I muſt not ſuffer quarrelling before me; Mr. *Prigg* be more temperate.

Prig. I will, Madam; though 'tis hard, when Love or Honour bids me draw.

Enter

Enter *Young Maggot.*

Yo. Mag. Gentlemen, Be not so much troubled, that the Play was interrupted by the Bullies; for I have a Poem about me, which I'll entertain you with, that perhaps may be more agreeable, I will read it to you.

Car. But first let's have a Dance.

Yo. Mag. With all my Heart.

L. Cheat. Do you hear, Carpenter? Can you make the Machine's Work? I shall have use of 'em.

Carpent. Yes, Madam.

L. Cheat. Pray be ready when I give you Order: Do you hear? Thus. Let us all sit and see this Dance. [*An Entry of Clowns.*

Enter *Lump.*

L. Cheat. My Brother's here; what shall we do now?

Lump. I am asham'd, Sister, of your Sin, and Vanity, and cannot in conscience let you alone in your evil ways. What makes you in this wicked place? this sink of sin? this house of Abominations? where wise men, and godly men are abus'd: It is great wickedness, and I cannot be silent, my zeal and wisdom will not let me be silent.

L. Cheat. Brother, Have a little Breeding, as well as Zeal and Wisdom, and do not disturb the Gentlemen.

Lump. I care not for Breeding; shall Zeal and Wisdom give place to that? I say, 'tis not lawful, 'tis sinful, 'tis abominable, to come under the Roof with these Hornets; there is Wit, flashy Wit stirring here; and I would as soon be in a Pest-house.

L. Cheat. I must comply with those I have designs upon, for my Fortune's sake, and for my Daughter's.

Lump. That does something mollifie the sin; but it is too great, and I cannot bear it: Cannot you take religious Courses, in order to your design, and then you may serve Heaven and your self together? You are foolish, very foolish, and have no method in you.

Car. This Gentleman is going to read a pious Poem to us; pray do not interrupt him.

Lump. Sir, I must interrupt him, I have a Call, a great Call to it; all Poetry is abominable, and all Wit is an Idol, a very *Dagon*, I will down with it; all the wise and godly Party of the Nation hate Wit.

Yo. Mag. None but Fools hate Wit, and those that cannot think; for my part, I will venture my Blood in defence of Poetry.

Lump. I will preach against it, while I have breath.

Yo. Mag. Peace, Fool! I will read on.

Lump. Sister, You shall not hear it; 'tis prophane, abominable, a

Grace-reſiſting, Soul-deſtroying, Conſcience-choaking, moſt unutterably Sin-nouriſhing thing, and I cannot bear it; I cannot ſuffer it.

Lady Cheatly whiſtles, two mock-Devils deſcend and fly up with Lump.

Murder, murder, What doſt thou do, Satan? whither doſt thou fly with me?

Yo.Mag. This is very well: Ha! ha! ha! now I may read in quiet.

Prig. Pray, my Dear, let's be going; I hate this Wit; I think Mr. *Lump* is in the right.

L.Cheat. Sit but a while, and I'll go.

Yo.Mag. Beauty, thou great preſerver of the World, [*reads.*
By which into dead Lumps quick life is hurl'd.

L.Cheat. So, now I ſhall have time to ſpeak with you.

[Ex. *Mag. L.Cheatly, Lady Buſy.*

Prigg and Young Maggot are carried up in their Chairs, and hang in the Air.

Prig. Hold! hold! Murder! murder! What a Devil do you mean? My Dear! Honey! Where is my Lady? Madam! Madam!

Yo.Mag. What can this mean? But hold, I'll read on, if you will.
Beauty, thou great, *&c.* [*All go out, and leave 'em hanging.*

Prig. They are all gone; what ſhall I do? Pox on your Wit, Sirrah! This is your Wit, you damn'd Wit, you.

Yo.Mag. You lye, Fool! 'tis a Wheadle, a Croſs-bite of the Widow's.

Prig. Oh you damn'd ſcribling, ſenſleſs, ſing-Song Wit!

Yo.Mag. Oh you damn'd, gaming, Jocky, hunting, Tennis-Fool!

Enter *Bellamore.*

Bell. Hell, and Damnation! What have I ſeen? A Curſe on all the Sex! Is this the Vertue ſhe pretended to? To be lewd with ſo deſpicable a Coxcomb as *Selfiſh*, ſo nauſeous a Fellow! Death and Hell!

Prig. Hark you, *Bellamore*: Prithee help me down.

Yo.Mag. Pray let me down.

Bell. Pox on you both!

Enter *Selfiſh.*

Self. Ah *Bellamore*! I am the happieſt Man, I think, that ever the Sun ſhin'd on: I have enjoy'd the prettieſt Creature, juſt now, in a Room behind the Scenes: I cannot help telling of thee, becauſe thou art my Friend; Faith! telling is half the pleaſure to me; for I confeſs to thee, I think, we that are happy in Lady's Affections, make Love, as much for Vanity, as any thing elſe: You know the Lady.

Bell. Damn the Dog. [*aſide.*
'Twas one of my Lady *Cheatly*'s Daughters; which of 'em was it?

Self. Well, I can keep nothing from thee; it was one of 'em; but upon

upon your Honour keep it ſecret; gueſs which; they are both deſperately in Love with me, hah!

Bell. Impudent Raſcal and Coxcomb!

[*He ſtrikes him, then beats him with his Sword.*

Self. What ill Breeding is this? Are you diſtracted?

Iſab. Heaven! What's the matter? Hold, hold.

Bell. Be gone, Raſcal, or I'll run you through.

Self. I will not be uncivil before a Lady, another time I ſhall call you to an account; an ill-bred Fellow! [Ex. *Selfiſh.*

Iſab. What's the reaſon of this Quarrel?

Bell. Here, Carpenter.

Carpent. Here, Sir.

Bell. Let down theſe Fools, and diſpoſe of 'em, ſo they may not trouble us.

Prig. So, this is well.

Yo. Mag. Bellamore, I thank you.

[*Carpenter lets 'em down, and preſently they ſink down and roar out.*

Bell. You know too well the occaſion of the Quarrel.

Iſab. What do you mean?

Bell. Is all your pretence of Vertue come to this? and muſt my Love be thus rewarded?

Iſab. This rudeneſs of yours amazes me.

Bell. 'Tis I have cauſe to be amazed, to be refus'd the Favour, and you to grant it to that filthy Fool, *Selfiſh*; there's nothing but diſſembling, treachery, and ingratitude in your whole Sex.

Iſab. A Favour to *Selfiſh*? The Fool of all the World, I ſcorn and hate the moſt; but now I ſee you'll give me occaſion to rank you with him.

Bell. No, you ſhall never rank me with him; I ſcorn to be oblig'd to one, who is ſo free to lay out her ſelf upon ſuch an Aſs.

Iſab. Has that vain Raſcal lyed on me? and do you believe him?

Bell. My Eyes will not lye, Madam; I will truſt them; and though you have let down your Skirt, I know the Petticoat too well.

Iſab. Unworthy Man! I could ſtab thee for this Affront, but that thou art not worthy of a ſerious thought. Is this the Petticoat you mean? What has my fooliſh Siſter done?

Bell. How? this is not the Petticoat.

Enter *Stanmore* and *Gartrude* bare-faced.

Heaven and Earth! 'twas *Gartrude*, I ſee now.

Iſab. I ſcorn and hate thee for thy baſe ſuſpicion, more than all Mankind.

Bell. Madam, I am a Dog, a Villain, not fit to live; kill me, for if you forgive me not, I'll do't my ſelf.

Iſab. I'll never ſee thy odious Face again, do what thou wilt; farewel baſe Man. [Ex. *Iſabella.*

Bell. Hell and Devils! What has my Raſhneſs brought me to? [Ex. *Bell.*

Stan. Pretty Miſs! Be not ſo troubled; I have us'd thee kindly, very kindly.

Gart. Kindly? Oh ſad! I'll tell my Mother what you have done to me, ſo I will.

Stan. Thou art not mad, Child! Prithee don't.

Gart. But I was mad to let you be ſo uncivil, and I will tell her; here ſhe is.

Enter *La. Buſy*, *La. Cheatly*, and *Maggot.*

Stan. S'heart! What a Fool ſhe is? I'll not ſtand the brunt. [Ex. *Stan.*

Mag. Well, Madam, I'll diſpatch the buſineſs, and wait on you again. [Ex. *Maggot.*

Gart. Oh Madam! what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do?

L. Cheat. What's the Matter?

Gart. I thought what 'twould come to; you charg'd me to be civil to *Stanmore*, and I am deflowr'd, ſo I am.

L. Cheat. Oh Heaven! What did he raviſh you?

Gart. No; becauſe you bid me be civil to him, I conſented; I was afraid to anger you, Madam.

L. Cheat. Civil? that was civil with a vengeance; let me come, I'll knock her on the head, filthy Creature.

L. *Buſy.* Hold, Madam; be wiſe, and make the beſt on't; let me alone to manage this Affair: Come, pretty Mrs. *Gartrude*, has he made no Settlement upon thee?

Gart. He ſettled nothing but himſelf upon me, that I know.

L. *Cheat.* No, that's the Plague; I knew there was no Settlement, if that had been done, it had been ſomewhat.

L. *Buſy.* Go to; be patient; let me alone; withdraw, good Madam, and truſt me. [Ex. L. *Cheatly.*

Enter *Stanmore.*

Come on, Mr. *Stanmore*, I muſt talk with you a little.

Stan. Now for a wiſe Lecture.

L. *Buſy.* Look up, pretty Miſs, come on.

Sir, My Lady *Cheatly* is a worthy Perſon, and of good quality, right—Mrs. *Gartrude* is a very pretty young Lady—true—nor is it fit my Lady (who has entertain'd you ſo often, and ſo nobly, in her houſe) ſhould be abus'd—do you conceive me—nor is it fit that this pretty young thing ſhould be injur'd—you underſtand me— *Stan.*

Stan. Your Ladyſhip ſpeaks like an Oracle.

L. *Buſy.* Very good—this pretty thing, I underſtand, has been very kind to you. Very well—

Stan. Fie Miſs! fie! tell tales out of School? if ſhe has, I am ſure, I was as kind as ſhe could be for her heart.

L. *Buſy.* Very good—Come, *I* underſtand you—Ah what pleaſure 'tis to lye by ſuch a ſweet Bedfellow! ſuch pretty little ſwelling Breaſts! ſuch delicate black ſparkling Eyes! ſuch a freſh Complexion! ſuch red powting Lips! and ſuch a Skin! *I* ſay no more—in ſhort, ſhe would make a Husband very happy—Come, let it be ſo—and let no more words be made of this Matter.

Stan. *I*'ll do what *I* can to help her to one.

L. *Buſy.* Go to—that's well ſaid—your ſelf then be the Man—Oh how the Town will envy you the enjoyment of ſo fine a Lady!

Stan. S'heart, Madam, what do you take me for? if you knew all, what need *I* marry for the Matter?

L. *Buſy.* Go to; ſhe may make as good a Wife as can be for all that; have you not many Examples?

Stan. No, Madam; *I* have made a Vow of Chaſtity that way, which *I* will never break.

L. Buſy. *I* would not my Lady ſhould know this for the World, ſhe would be reveng'd to the laſt degree: Let me tell you, you have been very uncivil.

Stan. Faith, Madam! I think not.

Gart. Yes, but you have been uncivil though, that you have.

L. Buſy. Go to—do you mind? Do you think a Family is to be diſhonoured? is that like a Gentleman—nay, not but that humane frailty muſt be paſs'd by—for young people, when they meet, are apt and lyable—'tis confeſs'd—but then—ay what then?—why, your Gentlemen and your worthy Perſons ſtrive to make it good: Very well—but how is it to be made good? hum—why, either by Marriage, or Settlement.

Stan. I have a private Reaſon muſt keep me from doing either.

L. Buſy. No, no, that won't paſs: I know you are too much a Gentleman; beſides, you made me promiſe you would keep; and let me tell you, my Honour is concern'd in it, and I would not have my Honour touch'd for the World.

Stan. I did not promiſe to keep for another, as I muſt if I keep her.

Gart. You do not ſay true then.

L. Buſy. Fie, Mr. *Stanmore*, that you ſhould ſay ſuch an ungentile thing! Come, Miſs, bear up, and do not cry: how can you endure

to

to ſee a young Lady's tears, and not melt: Come on, pretty Miſs, I am ſure you will be kind, and conſtant to Mr. *Stanmore*, will you not?

Gart. Yes, yes.

L. Buſy. Good. Why look you, Sir, I know you are a worthy Gentleman, and will conſider of a Settlement, ſuch as befits a Gentlewoman.

Stan. No, Madam: *Selfiſh*, this Evening, in a green Room, behind the Scenes, was before-hand with me; ſhe ne'r tells of that: Can I love one that proſtitutes her ſelf to that Fellow?

L. Buſy. How's this?

Gart. Oh ſad, that you ſhould ſay ſuch a thing! I am ſure, he will not ſay ſo for the World; would I might ne'r ſtir out of this place alive now, if I did.

Stan. I had it from his own Mouth.

Gart. O Lord, I'll be far enough, if you had! I'm ſure, he's too fine a Gentleman, and too well bred, to tell ſuch a grievous lye of a Lady; I am ſure, he did not ſay ſo, that he did not.

Stan. How ſhe commends him?

L. Buſy. You know, *Selfiſh* is the vaineſt Fellow that ever was born; can you believe that Coxcomb? it is not generous.

Stan. Shall I believe *Bellamore*'s Eyes? He ſaw it: Good Madam, be pleas'd to forbear your Tricks upon me. Farewel, I hate the leavings of a Fool; I'll as ſoon eat the Meat he has chew'd, or wear his foul Linnen after him. Adieu, good Madam. [Ex. *Stanmore.*

L. Buſy. Now ſee what your Indiſcretion has done; did I not tell you, *Selfiſh* would undo you?

Gart. Oh what ſhall I do! what ſhall I do! Does your Ladyſhip think, you could not get Mr. *Selfiſh* to marry me? Oh! he's the prettyeſt Man; I could live and die with him.

L. *Buſy.* Go to; you will utterly ruine your ſelf: Do you think, a Fellow that has been ſo baſe to boaſt of your Kindneſs, will marry you? Peace, I ſay; I will try another; *Young Maggot* ſhall be the Man.

Gart. I can't abide him.

L. *Buſy.* *I* ſay, go to—you muſt marry him, if he will, and be glad on't too: *Stanmore* has forſaken you; *Selfiſh* can't keep you; your Mother will turn you out of doors, and you will ſtarve. Come, come, along with me, and be better advis'd. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter *Prigg* and *Lady Cheatly*.

Prig. NOw, Madam, *I* hope, you will be perſwaded to diſpatch this buſineſs of Wedlock this Morning; 'twould be much more convenient for me than to morrow, becauſe *I* am to go to *Newmarket* to a Cock-Match: *I* have lay'd fifty pound upon *Jack-an-Apes*, againſt *Tom Prigg*'s *Boxen Beak*, my *Dun* fights a Battel with *Tom Whiskin*'s *Duck Wing*, for fifty pound.

'Twill be the beſt Sport in the World; *I* would fain marry to day, and go thither to morrow: Will your Ladyſhip go and ſee it?

L.*Cheat.* No, pray, Sir, if that be the beſt Sport in the World, ſee that firſt, and marry afterwards.

Prig. *Newmarket*'s a rare place, there a Man's never idle: We make Viſits to Horſes, and talk with Grooms, Riders, and Cock-keepers, and ſaunter in the Heath all the Forenoon; then we dine, and never talk a word but of Dogs, Cocks, and Horſes; then we ſaunter into the Heath again; then to a Cock-Match; then to a Play in a Barn; then to Supper, and never ſpeak a word but of Dogs, Cocks, and Horſes again; then to the Groom-Porters, where you may play all night. Oh, 'tis a heavenly Life! we are never idle.

L.*Cheat.* For ought *I* ſee, you are never otherwiſe.

Enter *Steward*.

Heaven! Is this Villain return'd?

Stew. Yes, Perfidious Woman! I am return'd, and will make you know, that I am not to be us'd ſo. What? to be clap'd under Hatches, and carried to the *Indies*, to be ſold for a Slave? a fine Deſign truly: But, come, Madam, *I* will make you know your Lord and Maſter.

L.*Cheat.* What means your Impudence?

Stew. Impudence! to command my Wife? Know your Duty.

Prig. Your Wife? Why, you are her Man; are you not?

Stew. What Fellow's this? *I* muſt have new Orders; *I* muſt have no ſuch Cuſtomers about my Houſe.

L.*Cheat.* Call a Conſtable, the poor Fellow's diſtracted.

Stew. No, but *I* may make the Lady ſo, if ſhe perſiſts in her Impudence.

Prig. Thou art very ſawcy to thy Lady and Miſtreſs.

Stew.

Stew. Peace, Fool! Sawcy to my Wife?

Prig. Fool? hah, Fool! What a Pox would you be at?

L.*Cheat.* Impudent Villain! thy Wife?

Stew. Moſt audacious Woman! Dareſt thou deny it? Was *I* not married to you yeſterday in your own Chamber, by a Parſon of your own chuſing.

L.*Cheat.* How dar'ſt thou affirm ſo impudent a Lye? Where didſt thou dream this?

Prig. *I* have my Que; *I'll* have my hand in the Plot. [Ex. *Prig.*

Stew. Why, thou moſt infamous of Women! Canſt thou deny this?

L.*Cheat.* Yes, thou moſt impudent of Raſcals, *I* will deny it to all the World, and *I* have taken care that thou ſhalt never prove it.

Stew. Hell and Devils! Is there one amongſt you like this Woman?

L.*Cheat.* Well, if you will be quiet, and ſtir no farther in this Buſineſs, a thouſand pound is yours; if not, you never ſhall have me, nor any thing of mine. Marry ſuch a Fellow?

Stew. No, baſe Woman! I'll undo thee.

L.Cheat. 'Tis out of your power, Fool, you have ſworn to all my Bonds and Deeds already.

Stew. Moſt Vile of Cheats! I'll find your Parſon, if he be in *England.*

Enter Prigg, in the Habit of a Parſon.

Oh happy Fortune! here he is.

L.Cheat. What means this Coxcomb, *Prigg?*

Stew. Now, Madam, did not you marry me to this Lady yeſterday? Speak, upon the word of a Prieſt.

Prig. Yes, I did.

Stew. Now, what ſays your Impudence? I thought I ſhould catch you: Were you ſo cunning to deny it? Where do you live, Sir?

Prig. Madam, Pray help me off with my Habit.

L.Cheat. This is well enough.

Stew. Hah! What a Devil's this? Were you the Parſon?

Prig. Yes, good Sir.

L.Cheat. Yes, This was my Chaplain, you ſawcy Fool! Could you think, I would marry ſuch a filthy Fellow as you are?

Stew. I will give you to underſtand, Madam, that 'tis a good Marriage, and I'll bring you into the Court to ſwear it, Sir.

Prig. If you do, Sir, I'll hold ſix to four, I forſwear it, Sir.

Stew. Why, ſure you dare not?

Prig. By Heaven, I dare, and will not forſwear my ſelf for ſuch a Widow, Gentlemen forſwear themſelves to get Whores, and make nothing

nothing on't: Be gone out of my house, she is mine; Fellow, be gone, I say.

Stew. Curse on my shallow head! that I should be so credulous, to believe her to be true to me, when I was an hourly Witness of her falshood to others: I will have you my Wife, or be reveng'd to that degree; you shall repent this Treachery your whole life: I am going to visit all those you have had Business with this moneth, and I shall tell 'em such a Tale. [Ex. *Steward.*

Prig. I'll cut his Throat; say no more.

L. Cheat. Pray hasten after this malicious, clamourous Rascal, and stop him some way or other; he'll invent a thousand lyes of me; get him arrested upon an Action of ten thousand pound at my Suit.

Prig. Let me alone; I'll do as becomes a Gentleman. [Ex. *Prig.*

L. Cheat. This Trouble joyn'd with that Fool my Daughter, will undo me; but I will find out *Maggot*, and he shall help to salve up all.

Enter *Maggot.*

Oh Mr. *Maggot*! I have Business to communicate to you, of the greatest concernment to me that ever hapned.

Mag. Gad, Madam, do! If any Man in *England* understands Business, or loves it better than I do, I'll be burnt.

L. *Cheat.* Every Man loves what he is good at; give me a Man of Business for my Friend: the fine Gentlemen of the Town, are like Fidlers, only good at idle hours.

Mag. There are no great Persons at this end of the Town, have any Business, but I do it for 'em; I am the busiest Man in *England*, and, I hope, Madam, you'll consider of my Love to Business, and to your Ladyship.

L. *Cheat.* Why, that is part of the Business I am to confer with you about.

Enter *Lady Busy* and *Young Maggot.*

L. *Busy.* Madam, I beg you will retire; *I* have an Affair with *Young* Mr. *Maggot*, that concerns you, and Mrs. *Gertrude.*

L. *Busy.* Mr. *Maggot*, *I* can never enough admire your Uncle *Maggot*'s aversion to Wit and Breeding; nor can *I* chuse but pity you, who are like to be so great a sufferer for your Love to both.

Yo. Mag. *I* glory in my suffering for so good a Cause.

L. *Busy.* Well, many a Man would be proud of such a Nephew; but is it true, that you are like to be dis-inherited?

Yo Mag. It is as true, as *I* my self will ever be to Wit and Beauty; unless *I* will recant my Works, and for the future renounce Tropes, Figures, Similes, and all ornaments of Speech.

L. *Busy.* These are hard Conditions.

Yo. Mag. A Man of my vigorous Imagination, had as good have been born dumb: I will sing, and starve to death, like a Grashopper, e're I submit.

L. *Busy.* Go to: Suppose some Friend of yours, more careful of you, than you are of your self, should find a way to compose this matter, without prejudice to your Poetry.

Yo. Mag. That Friend should be another *Apollo*, if a Man, and a tenth Muse to me, if a Woman.

L. *Busy.* Good. There is a Woman, a pretty one, young and rich too in the case: Very well; but how shall I come by this Woman, say you? Go to; let me alone; a fine Woman, with a good Fortune, were no ill refuge from the anger of your Uncle, hah!

Yo. Mag. But if I should marry, what will the World say of my Wit? I had rather lose my Honour, and starve, than lose the name of a Wit.

L. *Busy.* Your Reputation is establisht already; go to, consider.

Yo. Mag. But, Madam, my Heart is engaged, and the poor Soul loves me again to madness; I did but kiss my hand to a Lady in a window t'other day, and the poor Thing fell into a Fit; she will never out-live such a hainous Tergiversation.

L. *Busy.* Come, come, you know not the World; this is some soft-hearted Fool, that will be as fond of another in three days. Go to; I know the Sex better than you; but such a Reputation, such a Face, and such a Fortune!

Yo. Mag. Nay, if she have a better Face, and Reputation, than my *Gartrude*, I will forswear Poetry, and write Short-hand at Conventicles, all the rest of my Life.

L. *Busy.* Is she the Woman? My Lady *Cheatly* looks very high for her Daughter, *Stanmore* and several Fortunes are about her; do you conceive me?

Yo. Mag. That's all one.

As for my part I have chosen one,
And I'll have my Love, or I'll have none.

L. *Busy.* Hold: A Lady of Fortune, Beauty, and one that loves you, and admires you for your Wit, is not to be neglected.

Yo. Mag. How? then she has Wit too.

L. *Busy.* How else should she admire it in you?

Yo. Mag. Since she has Wit, I will see her, that's certain, and love her, if I can; if not, I'll make her some handsome excuse for't in my next Song.

Enter

Enter *Gartrude*.

L. *Busy*. Well then, here she comes.

It is this pretty *Gartrude*: Ah! what a Bedfellow is this, with above ten thousand pound too.

Yo. Mag. Pretty Creature! Are you she?

Gart. Yes, that I am.

Y. Mag. But, Madam, do you not think Marriage will spoyl my Poetry?

Gart. I would not marry you, if I thought it would; for I love your Verses dearly.

L. *Busy*. *Stanmore* and *Selfish* will hang themselves, when they hear of your good Fortune.

Yo. Mag. Ay, so they will.

Gart. Every Body says, they love one to ones face; but you said so behind my back; I heard you tell my Lady so, and I am resolved I will have you, though my Mother turn me out of doors, that I will.

L. *Busy*. Go, get you together, loving Rogues, and let me alone to make your peace with my Lady *Cheatly*. [*Exeunt*.

Enter *Selfish* and *Isabel*.

Self. Consider my Person, and my Breeding; think not of *Bellamore*, he has two Ladies with Child by him, and one claims Marriage.

Isab. You had best marry her for him, he'll give a good Portion.

Self. I did not think so harsh a Repartee could have come out of that pretty mouth: Sure you take something ill from me; my conduct among the Ladies does not please you: I confess, I have been somewhat too general in my Addresses; but I am resolved to apply my self to you, and be less Gallant hereafter.

Isab. Be less vain, and less a Coxcomb, and know, that nothing you forbear or do, can please or trouble me.

Self. Were I not skill'd in the various Dispositions of your soft Sex, these words would make me despair; but I have often known such peevishness the Child of Love.

Isab. Were I a Man, I'd cudgel you out of this conceit of your self; but as I am, *I* can only despise, and laugh at you.

Self. Hah! hah! hah! You are pleasant, and *I* am glad to find you so: *I* often discover Lady's Affections to me that way; for *I* am sure they love me, when they are so familiar with me, my pretty Raylleur.

Isab. Monster of Vanity! be gone.

Enter *Bellamore*.

Bell. *I* beg upon my knees, you will once more hear me.

Isab. *I* never will.

Self. It is in vain: Give her over, *Bellamore*; what would you have

her do, poor Lady? ſhe loves me; doſt thou think ever to get a Lady where I am? Why, my Mother has often told me, I was born with a Caul upon my head, and ſhe wrapt me up in her Shift, to make me lucky to Ladies.

Bell. Impudent Coxcomb! I will not diſturb the houſe; but follow me, or I'll cut your Throat here; you are the occaſion of this Storm.

Self. With all my heart: I did intend to demand ſatisfaction for your ill Breeding at the Play-houſe, and you ſhall find I can fight, as well as I can make Love.

Bell. Come on, Vanity.

Enter *Carlos* and *Theodoſia.*

Theod. I ſee you are reſolved to watch me, to make me confeſs Love, as they do Witches, to make 'em own their Contracts with the Devil.

Car. If you would but look a little guiltily, I would take you upon ſuſpicion.

Theod. And ſo hurry me away to Execution. Alas, poor *Carlos!* Don't I look as if I died for thee? Are not my eyes languiſhing enough?

Car. You are pleaſant, Madam, as becomes a winning Gameſter.

Theod. If I ſhould play on, luck may turn, I think 'tis beſt to give over as I am.

Car. But conſider how entirely I love you.

Theod. Conſider how little I care for you.

Car. The greateſt Beauties are not always moſt ſincerely loved.

Theod. No, they are commonly like great Places, courted, and won by vain deſigning Knaves; and were I ſuch, I ſhould be yet more ſuſpicious.

Car. A Man that's ready to die a Martyr, need make no other Profeſſions, I ſhould elſe——

Theod. Talk like an Aſs, of Charms and Tyranny of mine, of Chains and Slavery of yours; a Man that ſhould over-hear you, would think you had been taken by the *Turk.*

Car. 'Tis not in your power, to make me leave loving you.

Theod. 'Tis very unreaſonable, that my indifference ſhould not make you love me leſs.

Car. 'Tis very unreaſonable, that my perſeverance ſhould not make you love me more; but I will yet hope.

Theod. Hope is a thin Diet, and may be allow'd in your Feaveriſh condition, and indeed is the only Food that Love can live on.

Car. Oh, Madam, Marriage!

Theod. Is to Love, as the *Jeſuit*'s Powder to an Ague, it ſtops the Fit, and in a little time wears it quite off.

Enter

Enter *Iſabella.*

Iſab. My Dear, how doſt thou?

Carlos, Will you forgive me? Lovers take it as ill to be parted, as Men of Honour.

Car. I was juſt upon the point of yielding.

Theod. I ſcorn to take Advantages; but I had reduced him to offer Marriage.

Iſab. Then, it ſeems, he is weary of being your Slave, and would make you his.

Car. Madam, you ſhould be generous, and take the weakeſt ſide. No, I am reſolved ever to be her Servant, but would be glad of a nearer employment about her Perſon.

Theod. Come, prithee *Iſabella,* let's take a Turn in the Garden, and ſee if we can talk of ſomething elſe.

Car. Where e're I go, I ſhall carry my Love with me, and that will not ſuffer me to talk or think of any thing but your dear Self. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Bellamore* and *Selfiſh* in the Field.

Bell. Come, Sir, I hope you like this Place, you are very nice in chuſing one.

Self. Yes, *I* like this; for here *I* ran one Man through, and gave another his life.

Bell. Let me ſee if you be Arm'd, or not.

Self. No, *I* am too well bred for that.

Bell. Make ready.

And yet *I* am damnably afraid: But if *I* ſhould not fight, the Ladies will not be ſo apt to love me, as they are.

Bell. Come, will you never have done?

Self. Yes, Sir, What great haſt are you in?

Beauty, What art thou? But a fading Flower.

Bell. Beauty? What a Devil haſt thou to do with Beauty? You are a damn'd ugly, ill-bred Coxcomb, and the Ladies care not one jot for you. Draw.

Self. Come on, *I* will vindicate my ſelf and the Ladies. Now for the Ladies: Do not kill me; conſider, how the Ladies will hate you, if you ſhould.

Bell. No, prithee live, and be an Aſs ſtill; but trouble me no more.

They fight; Bell. *throws* Self. *down, and takes his Sword.*

Self.

Self. Thou art a ſtrange, rough, ill-bred Fellow, to fight ſo, to fling a Man down, and ſpoil his Cloaths; you have dirted all my Garniture, and ſpoil'd my Cravat: Could not you have fought eaſily, handſomely, and like a Gentleman? You were never bred in an Academy; they never fight thus brutally in *France*.

Bell. This is ridiculous enough.

Self. I warrant, you have done me ten pounds worth of hurt, with fighting with me; I do not know how to appear before the Ladies; I can't abide ſuch Tricks.

Bell. Fare thee well: if I were not extremely troubled about *Iſabella*, I would divert my ſelf with this Coxcomb. [Ex. *Bellamore.*

Self. A Brutal Fellow! to ſpoil one's things thus: But I'll go home, and dreſs me. [Ex. *Selfiſh.*

Enter *Lady Cheatly* and *Maggot.*

L.Cheat. You ſee I have conſidered your Paſſion, and how apt you are for Buſineſs; I am afraid of a Suit or two in Law, which I know you can manage.

Mag. As well as any Man in the World.

L.Cheat. I have told you of the Inſolence of the Steward, and the Artifice I uſed to get rid of him.

Mag. That ſhews, your Ladyſhip underſtands Buſineſs; how happy ſhall I be? how I ſhall laugh at, and triumph over all my Rivals?

L.Cheat. Not a word of what has paſs'd betwixt us, till a fitter opportunity.

Enter *Prigg*, with a Plaſter upon his Face.

How now, Mr. *Prigg*; what ayls your Face?

Prig. Be not frighted, my Dear; 'tis no great hurt.

Mag. My Dear! Poor Fool, how I pity him?

Prig. I went to ſtop that Rogue, your Steward, and demand ſatisfaction, as becomes a Gentleman; and, in fine, we drew, and after ſome two or three and thirty Paſſes, I found my ſelf run into the Arm, and the Face; but I worſted him: Yet when I was at a Surgeon's, the Raſcal got away.

L.Cheat. I am ſorry you ſhould venture ſo much for me.

Prig. Oh, Madam! 'Twas for my ſelf; for we are to be all one Fleſh: Now nothing troubles me, but that this Hurt will hinder my Journey to *New-market* to morrow.

Mag. He, all one Fleſh with her? poor Coxcomb!

Enter *two Scriveners.*

1 *Scriv.* Madam, I wonder, a Lady of Quality ſhould be guilty of ſuch Fraud and Covin, to write Bonds with Ink, that will wear out in a Moneth.

2 *Scriv.*

2 *Scriv.* Other Ink, you have too, that with a Spirit rubb'd upon the Paper, will make Impreſſion through a whole Quire.

L.Cheat. What mean theſe Fellows? Are you mad?

1 *Scriv.* No, but this is enough to make us mad, for our ſelves, and our Clients, to be cheated of ſuch Sums.

2 *Scriv.* Pray, Madam, give us Security, and let me renew the Bonds with my own Ink.

L.Cheat. Go home, and ſleep, and be ſober.

Mag. What's the meaning of this? is my Lady a Cheat?

Prig. This is the Rogue, your Steward's Lye.

L.Cheat. Oh, Gentlemen! You have been with that Raſcal, my Steward, the moſt impudent Villain, who having moſt of the Writings, that concern my Eſtate, in his hands, had the Impudence to threaten to burn 'em, unleſs I would marry him.

Prig. 'Tis very true, upon my Honour.

L.Cheat. I, by a Wile, got 'em out of his hands, and he, out of revenge, for being ſo diſappointed, has invented theſe malicious Lyes; but I ſhall lay him faſt enough.

Enter *two Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Madam, We did not think your Ladyſhip would put ſuch things upon us, to give us falſe Notes for our Money.

2 *Cit.* Notes written with Ink that will wear out; we ſhall have nothing but Blanks for our Money.

1 *Cit.* Pray let me have my five hundred pound again.

2 *Cit.* And me, mine; you have not lay'd it out yet.

L.Cheat. What, my Rogue Steward, has been with you too; has he?

2 *Cit.* Rogue! He's an honeſt Man, to give us notice of this Deceit: Madam, I wonder, your Ladyſhip is not aſham'd.

Prig. How now, Impudence! I tell you, the Steward is the Cheat, and Rogue, he has ly'd and abus'd you; my Lady is a Perſon of Honour.

Mag. Hah! There muſt be ſomething in this; he would not be ſo fooliſh, to tell ſo ſilly a Lye.

2 *Scriv.* My Lady is a worthy Perſon, and the Steward has invented theſe Lyes, out of revenge; becauſe he had the Impudence to pretend to marry my Lady, and would have kept all her Writings; he'd force her to do it, but ſhe was too hard for him: We know all.

2 *Cit.* This is ſtrange.

Enter *Lump.*

Lump. Oh thou vile Woman! thou Reprobate! thou moſt audacious, ſeared, Conſcienced Creature! Could ſuch a wicked Branch ſpring from our Family, who are precious, godly Men and Women, all but thy ſelf?

L.Cheat.

L.Cheat. Are you mad, Brother?

Enter *Steward.*

Lump. I knew you would cheat the reſt.
But muſt you betray me, and give me falſe Deeds?
Muſt *I* have nothing but Blanks for my Money?

1 *Scriv.* What ayls ſhe?

1 *Cit.* How are we cheated?

Mag. S'death! There muſt be ſome Fire under all this Smoak.

Lump. Had it not been for this honeſt Man, who was troubled in Conſcience, and could no longer conceal your Fraud, *I* had ne'r known it; but now *I* will make an example of you.

1 *Cit.* How, Sir? Are you a precious, godly Man, and knew of a Cheat, and would not diſcover it?

2 *Cit.* One of our own Church, to ſuffer us to be betray'd?

Lump. I had no Call to it, till now I am my ſelf concern'd.

L.Cheat. Will you believe this moſt infamous Raſcal, that would have diſhonoured your Family, and having all my Writings, would have married me, or have burnt 'em? I, by ſeeming to conſent to his deſires, got 'em out of his hands, made him ſwear to 'em before a Maſter in Chancery, then I turn'd him away for a Villain, as he is.

Lump. What ſay you, Sir?

Prig. Say? I'll hold ſix to four, he cannot ſay a word.
Upon my Honour, this is all true, to my knowledge.

Stew. She caus'd me to be clapp'd under Hatches, in a Ship going to the *Indies*, becauſe I knew this Secret; and I do aſſure you, ye are all cheated, and in leſs than a Moneth, will have nothing to ſhew for all your Money: I cannot in Conſcience but reveal this.

L.Cheat. Impudent, lying Varlet! how dareſt thou affirm ſo deviliſh a Lye?

Stew. Will you marry me yet, and I will retrieve all? [*Whiſpers.*

L.Cheat. Oh Heaven and Earth! The Villain whiſpers me in the Ear now, and tells me, if I will marry him, he will deny all.

Stew. Mercy upon me! Will your Ladyſhip's Conſcience give you leave to ſay that? Pray, Madam, conſider your Soul.

1 *Cit.* Ay, Madam, conſider your Soul.

2 *Cit.* And the payment of my Money.

L.Cheat. Heaven can witneſs what I ſay is true; even juſt now he ask'd me to marry him.

Lump. If this be true, Lady Sifter, I will ask your pardon.

Stew. What need I ask that, which I have already? I am married to her.

All. How!

Stew.

Stew. And her great Anger, and the Reaſon ſhe would have ſold me to *Jamaica*, was, becauſe I could not in Conſcience conceal theſe Deceits, though I might have had the benefit of 'em.

L.Cheat. This is ſo extravagantly ridiculous, it makes me laugh: I will not give a ſerious Anſwer to it.

Mag. Ha! Married? You did not conſummate, I hope: Who married you?

Stew. Why, the truth is, ſhe thought to put a falſe Marriage upon me: When ſhe diſcovered my intention, of making Reſtitution to thoſe ſhe had injur'd, ſhe dreſs'd that Fellow *Prigg* in the diſguiſe of a Parſon, and he married us in her Bed-chamber: But I'll make her know, 'tis a good Marriage.

Mag. Did you know him in the diſguiſe?

Stew. No, till this day he appear'd in it to me, and then pull'd it off, to ſhew me 'twas a mock-Marriage, as they thought; but I will make 'em know otherwiſe.

L.Cheat. This is the moſt amazing Impudence: Mr. *Prigg*, declare your ſelf; deny it, or we are undone. [*aſide.*

Prig. Is there ever a Magiſtrate here? I will ſwear, that there is not one word of all this true; I know not what he means; I hold Gold to Silver he's mad.

L.Cheat. Do you ſee, Brother, what a Raſcal you have believ'd? and how you have injur'd me?

Lump. Why thou wicked Locuſt! thou ſpawn of a Serpent! to invent ſuch curſed Lyes: I'll lay thee within four Walls.

Stew. By Heaven, 'tis all true; I'll ſwear it; nay, I'll ſwear with you for a thouſand pound.

Mag. Let him ſwear it, that we may have his Ears.

1 *Cit.* Madam, We ask your pardon, with all our hearts.

2 *Cit.* Impudent Fellow! to abuſe my Lady ſo.

Stew. Let me but ſpeak.

1 *Scriv.* No, baſe Fellow! thou ſhalt not ſpeak.

2 *Scriv.* Abuſe ſo worthy a Lady? Out thou wicked Fellow!

Stew. 'Tis very fine.

Lump. Lay an Action of ten thouſand pound upon him; ſee who will bayl him: To my certain knowlege, ſhe has a great Eſtate, and has been always a very conſcientious Woman; indeed I was ſomething amaz'd at this Story.

1 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, we believe your Worſhip.

2 *Cit.* We know, you are a precious, godly Man.

Stew. Are you diſtracted? Well, be all c'eated, and you will, I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience.

Lump. Conſcience? thou Seed of *Belzebub!*

Prig. Conſcience? An impudent Rogue! that offers to forſwear himſelf: I offer'd to lay him ten to one, 'twas all falſe, and you ſaw he durſt not bett.

1 *Scriv.* Hang him.

2 *Scriv.* Baſe, lying Rogue!

Enter *Sergeants.*

1 *Serg.* I arreſt you at the Suit of my Lady *Cheatly*, in an Action of ten thouſand pounds.

Stew. Oh vile Woman!

L.Cheat. Away with him.

2 *Cit.* Away with him.

All. Away with the Rogue.

Lump. I do beſeech your pardon, Siſter: I was miſtaken, which I do not uſe to be; yet that Trick at the Play-houſe was baſe.

L.Cheat. I could not help it; I knew not of it.

Enter *two Creditors.*

1 *Cred.* Madam, You have undone us; you gave us Bonds for two hundred pound a piece, about ſix Weeks ſince, and we have nothing but the Seals left.

2 *Cred.* All the Ink is worn out; behold here, Madam. [*Shews a Paper.*

L.Cheat. Impoſtors! lying Rogues! I owe you nothing.

Lump. Theſe are Inſtruments of this Raſcally Steward's; how come they by the Seal?

L.Cheat. From the Steward.

1 *Cred.* Are ye all mad? We had it from you, for which you had two hundred pounds a piece from us.

Prig. Out you impudent Rogue! Get you gone.

1 *Cit.* Away, lying Fellows!

Lump. Be gone, ye Vipers! [*They thruſt 'em out.*

L.Cheat. Now, Gentlemen, I deſire you that remain, to take part of a Collation with me, and I will ſhew all the Evidences of my Eſtate to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Iſabella* and *Bellamore.*

Iſab. There can be no defence to ſuſpect me, and with that Wretch *Selfiſh* too.

Bell.

Bell. Jealouſie, like the Small-Pox; if it comes out kindly, is never mortal; and my Love will be the ſtronger, and the more vigorous, for this ſhort Diſtemper.

Iſab. It may relapſe again.

Bell. 'Tis paſt all danger now.

Iſab. And will you ſtill give a thouſand pounds down, and three hundred pounds a year, for this Tenement, notwithſtanding the incumbrance of *Selfiſh* upon it.

Bell. When I made theſe offers, I did not know half your worth: I was a fair Chapman for your Beauty; but your Vertue, and other Perfections, are ineſtimable.

Iſab. And ſhall I flant it in the Park with my grey *Flanders*, crowd the Walk with my Equipage, and be the Envy of all the Butterflyes in Town?

Bell. Forget that vain Diſcourſe, as I have done, and take me and all I have for ever.

Iſab. Sure a Man of your Wit will never marry; every rich Fool can get a Woman that way.

Bell. Do not inſult, but take me quickly to your mercy.

Iſab. I'll not deceive you: What-ever ſhow my Mother makes, I have no Portion, nor was ever troubled at the thought of it till now.

Bell. I am glad of it; for now my Love will be the more eaſily believed, and better taken.

Iſab. No, *Bellamore*.

Bell. How, Madam?

Iſab. No, I ſay—for were I Queen of *Europe*, your Love would be as well accepted as 'tis now.

Bell. You ſurprize me with an Honour too great to bear.

Enter *Lady Cheatly*.

L.Cheat. What? Are you agreed yet? She is a fooliſh Girl, Sir, and looks as high as better Women.

Bell. She's very humble, and is pleaſed to accept of me for a Huſband, and there wants only your conſent, and a few words from a Parſon, to compleat my happineſs.

L.Cheat. You honour our Family, and cannot doubt of my conſent: She is yours.

Enter *Lady Buſy*, *Young Maggot*, and *Gartrude*.

L.Buſy. I preſent you here with a Son and Daughter: I ſaw 'em married; give 'em your Bleſſing.

L.Cheat. Heav'n bleſs you! Madam, I can never thank you enough; you have made me happy, in removing my greateſt affliction.

Enter *Selfiſh* and *Stanmore*.

L.Buſy. I love to put Lovers together: Vertuous actions reward themſelves.

Stan. Young Maggot married? Give you Joy, Sir: Your Love to Wit and Beauty is at length rewarded.

Yo.Mag. I will now keep company with none but the top-Wits, and write Plays, Songs and Lampoons, in defiance of the Fop my Uncle.

L.Buſy. Not ſo faſt: Get him to ſettle firſt.

L.Cheat. I'll call my Brother, and the reſt of my company, to be Witneſſes to my happineſs. [Ex. *L.Cheatly.*

Self. Pretty Miſtreſs! You look to day like a delicate Picture, and *Young Maggot* your Foyl.

Gart. I vow, you court me ſo gentilely, I ſhall die to part with you: I cryed in the Church, that I did, and had like to have ſpoyl'd all.

Self. But will you promiſe me a Meeting?

Yo.Mag. Stand off: She's mine.

Self. You are to have her ever after; methinks you ſhould allow her one day, to take leave of her Friends.

Enter *Lady Cheatly*, *Lump*, *Maggot*, *Prigg*, &c.

Yo.Mag. Uncle, Your Unkindneſs has made me look about me, and Heaven has bleſt my Wit and Poetry with a rich Wife here, Mrs. *Gartrude*: I won her by 'em.

Mag. Ay, Boy, I know it, and know her Fortune as well as my own: Thou art a mettled Lad, and I like thy Humour well; give me a *Phillis* with ten thouſand pounds, I could ſing one of thy own Songs my ſelf, I am ſo taken with this Match.

Yo.Mag. I hope then you will ſettle your Eſtate, as you always promiſed, if I married to your liking.

Mag. If I have no Children by my dear Wife, her Mother here.

Prig. La Cheatly, your Wife, ſhe has promis'd me Marriage.

Mag. What-e're ſhe has promis'd you, ſhe has perform'd Marriage with me this Morning. Be gone, Rook, they ſtay for thee at the Twelve-penny Ordinary.

Prig. What ſay you, Madam?

L.Cheat.

L.Cheat. 'Tis very true.

Prig. Then you are very falſe.

Mag. As your Dice: Gameſter, I'll hold you Cock-pit Lay, ten pound to a Crown, ſhe's Bone of my Bone, and Fleſh of my Fleſh.

L.Cheat. This is the Gentleman I'll live and die with.

Prig. Death and Hell! I'll declare all I know.

L.Cheat. You will declare your ſelf a perjur'd Knave, if you do. Hark here. [*aſide.*

Mag. What do they whiſper for?

L.Cheat. All the Steward ſays, is true: I am worth little or nothing; my whole Fortune a Cheat; this old Gentleman I choſe, becauſe he is governable, and loves Buſineſs, of which my broken Fortune will give him enough.

Prig. What a Croſs-bite have I ſcaped? This Sham was well carried on, Madam: Did you hear, old Fool?

Mag. Ounds! I am cheated, undone, and my Nephew ruin'd, and married to a Beggar.

Yo.Mag. I muſt even write hard for the Play-houſe; I may get the reverſion of the Poet *Laureat*'s place: I thought, Uncle, you had known every foot of her Eſtate.

Prig. Well, I'll go to *New-market*, and never have to do with a two-legg'd Jade more: I ſhall rook, and go to Twelve, let what will come on't.

Mag. Since ſhe has no Fortune, I ſhall have no Buſineſs neither.

Yo.Mag. None, but that which I am afraid you can't do, Uncle.

Mag. Is this a time for Wit, you Raſcal, when we are both undone. *He beats* Yo. Mag. *Perriwig off, from under it drop ſeveral Copies of Verſes.*

Stan. A Muſs, a Muſs.

A Copy of Verſes upon a *Flea*, preſented to his Miſtreſs, in a gold Chain.

Oh happy Flea! *that maiſt both kiſs and bite,*
Like Lovers, in their height of Appetite,
Her Neck ſo white.
Pretty black Alderman, in golden Chain,
Who ſuck'ſt her Blood, yet putt'ſt her to no pain,
Whil'ſt I in vain.

Mag. What would become of the writing-Coxcombs, if it were not for reading ones? I'll hear no more.

L.Cheat. If you will go on, and maintain what I have done, I ſhall have a good Eſtate yet, though it belongs of right to other People.

Mag.

Mag. Right? 'Tis no matter for Right: I'll ſhow 'em Law.

Theod. The Plague of Marriage rages in this Houſe; let us fly from the Infection.

Car. I am ſo far gone, 'tis to no purpoſe to remove. Well, if you continue to be ſo unkind, you will ruine my Soul, Body, and Eſtate.

Theod. How ſo?

Car. Why, I can never marry any other; and in deſpair of you, I ſhall turn the moſt debauch'd whoring Rogue, 'twould grieve your heart to ſee it: I ſhall never be able to ſleep without my three Bottles, and a freſh Woman every night.

Iſab. 'Tis an act of Charity to redeem him.

Theod. The Devil ſeldom loſes any thing by Matrimony; they moſt commonly grow worſe for't.

Car. I will lead a ſolid, ſober, Husbandly life, if you will marry me; if not, Whoring and Drinking will enſue.

Iſab. Nay, now I muſt judge againſt you: You have loſt your Wager, and you muſt pay it; you have confeſt to me you lov'd him infinitely.

Theod. Believe her not, I deny it.

Car. Though I diſtruſt my ſelf, I muſt believe my fair Judge: I will have a Canonical Bom-Baily, and arreſt you upon Execution.

Theod. I will have a Moneth's time; you ſhall be ſo long a Probationer, before you enter in the Order.

Car. In hope of your good Nature, I will preſs no farther at this time: Now you that have reacht at your Inn of Matrimony, will pray for us Travellers upon the Road.

Stan. So, Gentlemen, we have loſt ye, ye are not Men of this World; now make much of your Matrimonial Bonds; I am glad, I have done my Buſineſs without 'em.

Self. Ladies are ſo kind to me, I need never marry one for the matter. Well, I will go home, and put on a very delicate, neat, convenient Suit, to dance with the Brides in here.

Lump. I give you all Joy. You ſee, Siſter, how things proſper, when godly Men are the Inſtruments. I ſay to all, to all of you I ſay,

Be godly, obſerve Method, and be wiſe;

Car. Moſt excellent means to cover Cheats and Lyes.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

By the

AUTHOR.

IN troubled Times, like theſe—the Ancients choſe
T'exhibit Feaſts and Plays, and publick Shows.
By ſuch Diverſions t'allay men's Fears,
Compoſe their Minds, and mollifie their Cares.
If they did well then, now your Mirth to raiſe,
Were of ſuch merit, you th'attempt ſhould praiſe.
But 'tis a Task too hard for Comedy,
Which ne'r agen expects good Days to ſee.
The num'rous Herd of Fopps and Knaves ariſe,
Such as to Poets ſhould be lawful prize,
Whom they like Magiſtrates ought to chaſtize.
Th' Embargo's lay on Wit, and ſtop our Trading,
If noted Knaves or Coxcombs be the Lading:
But this Proceeding would be too ſevere,
Whom the Town ſcorns, ſure we may laugh at here.
All Prodigies to publick Marts ſhould come,
Heav'n made not Coxcombs for a private Room.
If ſullen Fools would make no ſport to th' Nation,
We loſe the only uſe of their Creation.
If ſuch be drawn unlike, we puniſh none,
And if too like ſome Fopps thoſe perſons own.
Our Poet therefore Sale-work Habits makes,
But of particular Men no Meaſure takes.
Variety of Garments we expoſe
For Wits, for Knaves, for Fools, all ſort of Cloaths.
If any want that Honeſty, or Wit,
To think our Fools or Knaves their Perſons hit,
Here they may have 'em, and w'are glad they fit.

FINIS.